

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 565—VOL. XXII.]

NEW YORK, JULY 28, 1866.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS \$1 00.]

## What We May Sell to Belligerents.

WHEN two-thirds of what is called the civilized world is in war, or on the eve of war, questions of international duties and national rights obtain, naturally, special prominence, particularly when, as in our own case, we have had them forced on us in an unprecedented manner through the course of a long and bloody war. We knew pretty well what most contemporary nations regard as international obligations, and what they claim to be national rights—rights belonging to themselves. It is important to us, in view of existing and impending exterior disturbances and complications, to understand what our rights and privileges are. The interests of a very large part of our citizens are, and may be, involved in an instant determination of what they may do and may not do, as between the many belligerents now engaged in war.

We are a ship-building, cannon-casting, arms-manufacturing and powder-making, as well as a cotton and gold and grain-producing people. We have the best and most abundant timber of any people in the world for constructing ships, and the most skillful mechanics for using them. We have, exceptionally, the best iron of any country for certain kinds of guns, which, in other respects than in the quality of their iron, are believed, at home and abroad, to be superior to any in the world. Our small arms are claimed to have a corresponding superiority. For these reasons they will be sought for by nations engaged in war, precisely as our pork and beef and flour will be sought for to supply armies in the field with rations.

Now, what are our rights of traffic in these articles? Are there any restrictions imposed by our laws? Have any been established by



U. S. SOLDIERS GUARDING THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, AT PORTLAND, MAINE, AFTER THE CONFLAGRATION.

our courts, or grown, through common consent and practice, into rules for our guidance? And if we have any rights, ought they to be set aside, or can they be set aside by Executive interference?

Answers to these questions, as we have said, are important just now, and especially in view of the extraordinary, unwarranted, and oppressive delay of the United States officials in deciding the case of the Meteor, seized six months ago, and still held, without privilege of bond, to await the tardy action of an octogenarian judge.

We will venture to say there are in our ports at this hour more than a hundred agents of foreign governments (some of which are belligerents, others not), awaiting, with the money in their pockets which is to enrich American industry, the decision in the case of the Meteor. The seizure of that vessel, and the astounding pretensions of the officers of the government engaged in her prosecution, have unsettled the notions of the public as to their rights, and palsied for the time a branch of traffic against which there is no law, which is right in morals, and the legality and propriety of which have been uniformly sustained by the ablest lawyers, astutest statesmen, and highest judicial tribunals of the land.

We know not, nor do we much care, what will be the decision, in the case of the Meteor, of a petty court and a fossilized judge, for no one supposes an adverse determination by such an authority would stand the test of the inevitable appeal to the vigorous and masculine intellects of the superior courts.

But, we repeat, we cannot permit an important branch of business, for which the present ought to be eminently the season of prosperity, to languish because of doubts or



THE DESTITUTE CHILDREN OF PORTLAND ENCAMPED ON MUNJOY'S HILL.—SEE PAGE 295.

uncertainties as to our rights, in the matter of traffic in ships and arms.

If not known, it should be known, that the traffic in ships and arms, and all conceivable kinds of munitions of war, is legally, by prescription, and by the highest judicial decisions of the land, absolutely free. We may sell freely to each and every belligerent all the things above enumerated, and the authorities of the United States have no right of interference. They can only interfere at their peril; and may be mulcted, as was the collector of New York in Madison's time, in \$105,000, for interfering with a vessel worth but \$30,000.

An eminent jurist of Boston, Mr. George Bemis (whose writings on international law, apropos of questions which arose during our late war, have given him a wide and well-founded reputation), has done good service in epitomizing what are the rights of our people in matters of the kind under notice, and in enforcing and illustrating what is the American law and has been the American practice.

When the question of what should constitute American neutrality came up under Washington's Administration, in 1793, Jefferson, Randolph, and Hamilton were members of his Cabinet. On the distinct issue set forth in these words: "The United States being a shipbuilding nation, may they sell ships, prepared for war, to both parties?" the opinion of Jefferson (Secretary of State) was, that "they may sell such ships in their own ports or carry them for sale to the dominions of both parties;" but the decision of the Cabinet was, that they might carry them to the dominions of both parties for sale. It must be observed, however, that the question referred to ships "prepared for war," armed, provisioned and (probably) manned—in short, to fully equipped war vessels.

On the 15th of May, of the same year, Jefferson wrote officially:

"Our citizens have always been free to make, vend and export arms; it is the constant occupation and livelihood of some of them. To suppress their callings—the only means, perhaps, of their subsistence—because a war exists in foreign and distant countries, in which we have no concern, could hardly be expected. It would be hard in principle and impossible in practice."

Three months later, Hamilton, in his "Instructions to Collectors," wrote:

"The purchase within and exporting from the United States by way of merchandise (italicized thus in the original), articles commonly called contraband, being generally warlike instruments and military stores, is free to all the parties at war, and is not to be interfered with."

In 1794, a year later, Congress passed the first Neutrality law, under which a case came up of a ship charged with its violation. This case was decided in August, 1796, by the Supreme Court of the United States, which declared that:

"It is not a violation of the neutrality laws of the United States to sell to a foreigner (even in a home port), a vessel built in this country, though suited to be a privateer and having some equipments calculated for war, but frequently used by merchant ships."

Twenty-two years later (in 1816), Spain made great complaint to the Government about the depredations committed on her commerce by vessels built in the United States. These complaints Mr. Madison, then President, referred to Mr. Rush, Attorney-General of the United States, who reported:

"I am aware of no law of the United States that can prevent a merchant or shipowner selling his vessel and cargo (should the latter even consist of warlike stores) to a citizen or inhabitant of Buenos Ayres or of any part of South America; nor will it, do I think, make any difference whether such sale be made directly, in a port of the United States, with immediate transfer and possession thereupon; or under a contract entered into here with delivery to take place in a port of South America."

Following upon this opinion of the Attorney-General, President Madison called the attention of Congress to the state of our statutes upon the subject, and recommended more stringent precautions against permitting vessels, already prepared for war, going out of American ports, without first giving bonds not to engage in hostilities or cruise against friendly powers.

Acting upon the President's recommendation, the Committee of Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives, of which Mr. Forsyth (afterward Secretary of State) was chairman, on the 14th of January, 1817, reported a bill with the following title:

"A bill to prevent citizens of the United States from selling vessels of war to the citizens or subjects of any foreign power, and more effectually to prevent the arming and equipping vessels of war in the ports of the United States, intended to be used against nations in amity with the United States."

By the first section, "If any citizen of the United States . . . shall fit out and arm . . . any private ship or vessel of war, to sell the said vessel or contract for the sale of said vessel, to be delivered in the United States or elsewhere to the purchaser, with intent . . . to cruise or commit hostilities upon the subjects . . . of any prince or state with whom the United States are at peace, such person shall be punished" with fine and imprisonment, etc.

Congress, however, refused to pass this provision, showing a determination not to interfere with the traffic in vessels, whether equipped for war or otherwise, and left our shipowners free to carry on their ordinary traffic in ships as a branch of legitimate industry.

In the same sense and to the same purport was the decision of the Supreme Court in 1822. Judge Story, speaking for the whole court, in the case of the *Santissima Trinidad*, said:

"There is nothing in our laws, or in the law of nations, that forbids our citizens from sending armed vessels, as well as munitions of war, to foreign ports for sale. It is a commercial adventure which no nation is bound to prohibit, and which only exposes the persons engaged in it to the penalty of confiscation."

A later decision in 1832, "*The United States vs. Quincy*," affirms this decision in almost the same words. During the Crimean war our ships were largely employed in the belligerent operation of transporting troops, etc.; and in answer to some complaints on the subject, President Pierce said:

"The laws of the United States do not forbid their citizens to sell to either of the belligerent powers articles contraband of war, or to take munitions of war or soldiers on board their private ships for transportation; and, although in so doing the individual citizen exposes his property to some of the hazards of war, his acts do not involve any breach of national neutrality, nor of themselves implicate the Government. Thus, during the progress of the present war in Europe, our citizens have, without national responsibility therefore, sold gunpowder and arms to all buyers, regardless of the destination of those articles. Our merchantmen have been, and still continue to be, largely employed by Great Britain and France, in transporting troops, provisions and munitions of war to the principal seat of military operations, and in bringing home the sick and wounded soldiers; but such use of our mercantile marine is not interdicted either by the international or by our municipal law, and therefore, does not compromise our neutral relations with Russia."

This chronological summary shows what has been the principle and practice of the country from its foundation, and establishes that Americans have a free right of traffic in ships and in all articles called "contraband of war." To enlist men, organize expeditions, and plan campaigns within our borders is in violation of our neutrality laws. Articles "contraband of war" may be seized by either belligerents in transit, libeled, and, if the libel be sustained, be confiscated. But there is no authority whatever to prevent Americans from sending out of the country anything that either belligerent may desire or have the ability to pay for. Any attempt at interference by the Government or its officers against the exercise of this right, would be a usurpation and an outrage on the well-established rights of the people.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 28, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York. Authors are requested to designate their manuscripts distinctly, and in communicating with us, to retain the original title.

### Injunctions.

It is a sad thing for a country when the laws are made in the interest of one class alone, and are used as the engines of oppression; when, instead of a shield for the defenseless, they become their scourge. But it is still sadder when in a free country, the perversion of the laws comes from those whose duty it is to administer them justly. The sense of injustice is heightened by the feeling of our having been betrayed. It is not the laws, or the makers of the laws, who have wrought the injury; it has come from those on whom we relied to carry them into effect, and our disappointment is in proportion to the abuse of the confidence we had given.

Pride in our judiciary is one of the notions we derive from our English ancestry, and it was certainly something to be proud of. Between the court and the people, between a feudal aristocracy and the classes gradually freeing themselves from its benumbing influences, between power and weakness, between wealth and poverty, there stood a power arrayed with attributes superior to those of majesty itself; it was the Law, before which all were equal, and whose edicts none could evade. The judges, whose high office it was to give force and vitality to the law, could not be dismissed or removed, and were placed beyond the reach of corruption, suspicion of which has, we believe, never soiled their ermine. So far as intellectual eminence distinguished the Bench, it was not to be expected that our own country whose judiciary system was to a great extent modeled after that of England, would allow itself to be far excelled.

We have no need to repeat here the names of the illustrious men who have done honor to the judiciary of our State, and whose achievements were no less the glory of their country than of their age. They are familiar and dear to every American mind.

It was an evil day for us all when the heat and fury of politics touched, and in touching, defiled the chaste majesty of justice. And that day is not so long since, but most of us can recollect the way in which the profanation was effected. "Rotation in office" and "universal suffrage" were the two ideas which at that time were pressed upon the public. The former was only the corollary to the war-cry of the Democrats, "To the victors belong the spoils," while the latter, though by no means

new in principle, had been subject to certain limitations, of which we shall have more to say presently. When it was proposed to apply these principles to the judiciary of the State, men stood aghast, not alone at the boldness of the measure, but at the fatal consequences that were apparent. And there is no more notable instance of political empiricism on record than the argument (if so it may be called) of the principal newspaper advocate of the change, which amounted to this—"Let us try the experiment; if it does not succeed, we can easily return to the old system"—as if government were something so new, it could only be done by guess-work—as if the problem of man's selfishness had never before been worked out, that it required to be made the subject of an experiment, of the results of which, as was foreseen by every one but the Spruce street philosopher and his "following," we are all now so heartily ashamed.

There cannot be a doubt that it is to the degradation of the judicial office that we owe the recent extraordinary applications of the power of injunction. To our non-legal readers we may explain that this is a power granted by the laws of the State to judges, to be exercised only in extreme cases, when peril to the life or property of one party is imminent, by reason of the acts of the second, or when, during the time necessary to arrive at a legal decision as to the rights of the two parties, the acts of one might cause irreparable injury to the other. We have no space to illustrate, by cases, the application of this law, but our readers will observe that one essential element in it is, that the injury threatened, and which it is sought to avoid by injunction, must be irreparable; that is, it must be of such a nature that, should a decision of the court, before which the case is subsequently tried, be to the effect that the damage must be repaired, it will be found actually impossible to repair it, or make due atonement. If the apprehended damage be slight, or even, if heavy, of a kind for which money can make amends, and satisfaction in some form or other be rendered, and neither life nor health be endangered, a judge has no right to issue an injunction. Another noteworthy point is, that the issuing of an injunction is absolutely at the discretion of the judge, and that, too, on hearing only one side. True, it may be set aside by a judge of concurrent jurisdiction after hearing both sides, or by a judge of a superior court on its merits, but these appeals require time, and a partisan and therefore corrupt injunction, though in force only a few hours, produces a great part of its intended effect. Now, could the wit of man devise a better system for the corruption of judges than the one now in vogue in this State and city? By corruption, we do not mean the gross and indecent way of paying a certain sum of money into an "itching palm," but holding out, by way of inducement to render decisions with a bias toward the interest of his electors, the promise of their votes when he shall present himself for re-election. Thus—to our shame be it said—it is the common talk of Judge X being elected in the liquor interest, Judge Y in the contract interest, and so on; and Judge X, while on the bench, naturally leans to those interests which are identified with his past, and he fervently hopes will be with his coming election. It is his part to deserve the good opinions of his friends. They elected him once, and can do so again. They have become to him a constituency, of which he is the representative. They are his clients, and he is their advocate. What a farce, to call such a man a judge, or to expect him to refuse an injunction, or anything else, when the interests of his friends are at stake!

The more pompous and high-sounding the reasons for granting an injunction, the better of course. To say that your friends' grogeries will find their profits diminished; that a very worthy man, a contractor, a friend of yours, and who accidentally has great influence in your ward, will find himself a much poorer, and therefore a less influential man at the next election, if certain recent laws are enforced, would be too shameless a reason to assign. The fashion lately has run on asserting the unconstitutionality of the laws licensing or restraining the friends and electors of the judges. This word not only sounds well, but carries an air of defending popular rights, which proves irresistibly attractive to some minds. It also gives occasion to ventilate a large quantity of clap-trap—useful to refer to at the next election—and we need hardly say that Hackett's and Cardozo's law is in the inverse ratio of their fluency.

We have said that the law leaves the granting or refusing an injunction to the discretion of the judge. This pre-supposes that so extraordinary a power will only be exerted in cases where its use is obviously demanded to defeat some grievous wrong, and one would think that if such a case existed, its urgency would be equally apparent to all. Yet we find, in the late Excise injunction cases, that some judges granted the process, while others refused it. This cannot be called "the glorious uncertainty of the law," which warns people from

becoming entangled in it. It is rather the inglorious certainty that in some cases the law is administered without fear or favor and in other cases it is not.

What is the remedy for all this? The power of issuing injunctions cannot be taken away without opening the door to most palpable evils, present and future; and it only remains to change the characters of the men to whom the power is entrusted. It may be a humiliating confession to have to make, that, in our municipality, the system of universal suffrage is a failure. But when one department after another has been reformed, by taking it away from an influence that was found so debasing, it is hard to defend the once popular doctrine. If we have excluded it from any share in the government of the Police, the Boards of Health, of Fire, of Excise, of the Central Park, why should we allow, in the highest functions of government—that is, in the administration of the laws—an element which we have excluded from the comparatively inferior offices because it was corrupt and brought forth nothing but evil? The election of judges was professedly only an experiment. It has been tried and has failed, as all acknowledge but those who profit by it. Our Judges of the Common Pleas will not, however, have been elected in vain, if their late unwarrantable assumptions of power for party purposes lead to the crushing out of themselves, together with the system which raised them to the seats they have disgraced.

### "I.L.D."

EXCELLENCE, proficiency, skill, or signal ability in any department of science or literature, or in any profession, justly entitles the man who achieves them to an appropriate honorarium and reward. A soldier finds promotion and renown as returns for bravery and martial achievement. The divine finds his reward in the recognition accorded to him through titles conferred by bodies competent to judge of his merit. The same is true of the lawyer. The good and beneficent man finds recognition in the gratitude of men, in monuments and testimonials, in ovations and other marks of public respect.

All recognition should be appropriate, or it becomes ridiculous. If Dr. Cheever and Dr. Bellows were to be dubbed Major Generals, or even Brigadiers, in acknowledgment of their ability as divines and the excellence of their sermons, the world would be apt to convulse itself with laughter. And yet we have had a thing happen lately quite as absurd, and quite as revolting to the "fitness of things."

We all know that Mr. George Peabody, acquired by industry, enterprise and close economy, a fortune in London, which he has dedicated with rare good sense and judgment to charitable, educational and other proper purposes. This has given him a consideration greater and more to be desired than would attach to mere wealth. It has opened to him a social relationship and public recognition which hoarded wealth could never give. It has brought him a rare compliment from royalty in England, and in this country a welcome, such as should attend on worthy deeds. In fact, his reward has been and is appropriate and ample. It would be an unmeaning, if not insulting, and certainly a very silly and snobbish act on the part of Mr. Welles to recommend him as Rear Admiral, as it would be on the part of Mr. Stanton to recommend him to the Senate for a Brevet Brigadiership! And yet Georgetown College has committed precisely this folly—insulting to Mr. Peabody, and disgraceful to itself. It has dubbed him I.L.D.! Some one suggests it should be "L. S. D.!"

We believe Yale College "made a fool of itself" by conferring "I.L.D." on Andrew Jackson. Such stupidities, however, are generally and happily confined to the class of "learned institutions" known as "one-horse."

ONE of the inevitable results of the war between Austria and Prussia will be the absorption and extinction, by one or the other party, of the horde of little principalities, duchies, electorates, and the rest of the political and geographical nondescripts, among which Germany was subdivided, and which have inundated Europe with "serene highnesses," and titled drones and adventurers. The sooner they disappear, or have to take to teaching dancing or music, or to some other useful or apparently useful avocation, the better. A little wood-chopping or road-making would do them good. Prussia has done "a good job" in disposing of a dozen or so of this anomalous small fry. Not one of their "serene highnesses," however, died at his post, or even ran the risk of imprisonment. The King of Hanover was besought by his burghers to remain and accept the Prussian reform, but refused angrily, and went, leaving his Queen to do the best she could with the Prussians. Smaller people entitled after him, "Adjutant-General Tchirchewitz, head of the war party, forgetting to buckle on his sword." In Heese the Elector tried to take away the national treasure, but the theft was prevented by the people, and in Saxony the King made no attempt whatever at resistance. The general aspect of the people seems to be tranquil. They are not delighted, for

the Prussian hand is known to be heavy, but they are not irritated, and either obey the recruiting officers or fly from them. The royal arms have been taken down in Saxony, to be replaced by the Prussian, without tumult, the Hanoverians are disgusted with their Court, and the Hessians, of course, prefer any Governor to the Elector. Count Von Bismarck has at least cleared Europe of these dynasties, which after six hundred years of sway leave not a subject willing to die on their behalf. They have not all been at all times irretrievably bad. Europe owes much both to Saxony and Hesse, for they protected the burly monk who first broke the charm of a Universal Church. Two of the dynasties have done much for art; one has been a refuge in days of oppression for German literature; all save Hesse have done something to make an essentially sensuous people believe the mind greater than the body, to keep alive in a military race the healthy faith that learning is nobler than military skill. But they have all resisted the development of a free national life; all have helped to dwarf the minds they have so assiduously refined; all have resisted the natural development of a race which probably contains within it the largest possibilities of original and noble life. All have striven with their utmost energies to keep up the evil faith that heaven has committed the guidance of mankind to the members of a limited caste, now so interwoven as to be almost a single family, which, possessing for a thousand years a monopoly of the highest form of action, has in that time failed to produce one benefactor to mankind. In the long stream of European history not one of this caste has ever received by popular acclaim the epithet "Good;" but one lives in history under the title of the "Wise." So intensely has the evil effect of the Princelings' influence been felt, that for fifty years no subject of theirs has risen high enough in the mental world to think out a political reform without making their extinction the inevitable datum of his dream. And now they are gone, gone without a blow on their own soil for the independence of which they were so proud, and though the real battle has yet to be fought, we still, reading by the light of history, believe they can never return.

**LIBERTIA** is essentially an American colony. Its statistics have therefore a special interest to our people. The whole population of the colony is estimated at 74,000, of whom 14,000 are ranked as civilized. The whole number of votes polled at the last election was 1,220. The value of the exports last year was \$500,000; of imports, \$420,000. The export of sugar was 350,000 pounds; of coffee, 18,000 pounds; of palm oil, 750,000. Eighty persons are engaged in the cultivation of sugar. There are seventy missionaries in the country, and there are five religious denominations of Christians—Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopal and Congregational.

A **REMARKABLE** project is on foot to remodel the City Hall Park. It is proposed to build the new Post-Office at its lower extremity, and make it a monumental structure worthy of the metropolis of America. It should be of marble, with a central covered court, in which the mail-bags may be loaded and unloaded, with no obstruction to the surrounding streets, and with entire security. The trees should be removed from the remainder of the park, the dusty basin, absurdly called a fountain, abolished, Beekman and the other cross streets carried through, and the whole space paved. In the centre of this should be raised a fountain (with real water), something like that in the centre of the *Place du Concord* in Paris, with, perhaps emblematic statues or groups, properly disposed in other parts of the area. As for the brick-dust statue of Washington ("Best perturbed spirit"), let it be prayerfully consigned to the obscurest corner of some remote stone-yard, or set up on the extreme point of Sandy Hook to frighten off the cholera.

The latest news from Europe confirms the views we have elsewhere expressed, as to the result of the war on the minor German States. This will aid the extinction of a knot of dynasties of which Europe and the world is heartily sick, and which ought to have perished in 1815, and whose single useful function of providing consorts for Europe will not be wholly stopped by their expulsion from power.

The general physical deterioration of the race in France has been the subject of much comment and speculation. The matter came up recently in the French Legislature on the question of a new military conscription law. M. Glais-Bizot pronounced the existing law essentially vicious, and the term of service (seven years) entirely too long. He complained that young men were drafted into the army at precisely the age when men are most disposed to marry, and that at the end of their term of service they have generally contracted habits and ideas repugnant to the married state, or else married after having been broken down by age, dissipation or exposure, or all combined, giving parentage to puny and diseased families. He attributed the small percentage of increase in the population of France, and its alleged deterioration physically, to these causes. "It must be attributed," he said, "to the system which carried off a million of men, condemned to celibacy, and those the most healthy and vigorous in the country. What was the remedy for such a state of things? He thought it was to be found in the adoption of the system practiced by two neighboring countries—Prussia and Switzerland—namely, a service of two years, or three at most." To this may be added some interesting statistics relative to the city of Paris. Population, according to the last general census, (1861,) 1,696,141. In 1864 the births were 53,833, of which 27,231 were male, and 26,602 females; of the total number of

children born, 38,967 were legitimate, and 14,868 illegitimate. The number of deaths was 44,913.

The real success of Prussia, thus far, in the war with Austria, is not so much military as political. Austria may prevail in arms, but nothing can undo the effect of the great political revelation that has been made in Europe. Wherever the Prussians go in North Germany, they go really as friends and not as enemies. They have shown that it is true that the Courts, and not the people of North Germany, are against them; and they have shown that these Courts have no hold over their subjects, have won neither popular respect nor affection, and that the whole structure of those petty Kingdoms and Principalities is rotten. It was no great matter that the Hanoverian fortress of Stade, garrisoned by less than three hundred men, surrendered without a fight to an overwhelming force of Prussians. But it is a great matter that when the garrison marched out they immediately fraternized with the Prussians, and that both conquerors and conquered immediately melted their heroic souls in the beloved beer of their common Fatherland. The population of Hanover went out a mile or two to meet "the enemy," and escorted them in the most affable manner to a central position beneath the windows of the palace, where the Queen had been left by the great descendant of the Guelphs to examine leisurely this easy extinction of the dynasty.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

**PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.**—This is the title of a book tastefully published by Carleton, from the pen of Dr. J. J. Craven, who was physician in Fortress Monroe, and, consequently, of the State prisoner, from May 25, 1865, to December of the same year. It consists of descriptions of Mr. Davis's treatment, modes of life, and ailments; and reproductions, with ejaculatory and generally highly appreciative remarks of Mr. Davis's conversations, speculations, observations, and fancies. If Mr. Davis has failed to convince mankind at large of his greatness, he certainly has not failed to impress his willful physician with the conviction that he is a statesman, philosopher and sage. Henceforth the name of Craven will be named only in connection with those of Boswell and Montherlon.

Barring the funkiness that makes Dr. Craven believe that the ordinary common-places, and simplest platitudes of Mr. Davis are something quite out of the way, original and valuable, the book is readable enough. It is not uninteresting to know how prisoners charged with great crimes behave themselves when in confinement. The Sunday papers know this, and give their readers highly-colored accounts of the prison life of Bill Sykes and his compenars. These, however, seldom take the shape and proportions of books, but sometimes reach the dignity of a pamphlet—especially when Sykes has been ushered into Paradise through the gateway of the gallows.

Mr. Davis's disquisitions on matters and things will not astonish the world, as they seem to have done this doctor, to whom, nevertheless, we are obliged for preserving the arch-rebel's account of the anti-lion, which is decidedly the best thing in the book:

"Finding my curiosity excited, Mr. Davis then described the anti-lion with much minuteness and pleasant humor, saying it was next to the bee as an interesting study in natural history. It is about the size of a small, elongated pea, three legs on each side, a forceps proportionally immense arming its head, and between these nippers a sharp stiletto, which can be drawn in or thrown out at pleasure. It is found all along the Southern coast, and would seem to have a difficult problem in supporting life. It is painfully slow of movement, always walking backward, and dragging its heavy forceps on the ground behind it; while the ants, on which it chiefly preys, are extremely active. Nature, however, has compensated by suitably what the anti-lion lacks in spring. It digs a funnel-shaped hole in the fine sand of the Southern coast, circular at the top, of an inch diameter and an inch in depth. At the bottom it secretes itself in the sand, only its forceps protruding. These pitfalls are located about an inch or so from the stems of shrubs or tufts of grass—the ants flocking to these latter, because finding in them a species of grass-louse called the ant-cow, which the ant milks by suction as its favorite food, the cows not resisting lest worse befall them, and not appearing injured by the process.

"While the ants are thus hastening to their food, some one of them will approach the brink of the anti-lion's pitfall, and instantly the fine sand of the edge gives way, precipitating the unwary traveler to the bottom. Here he is seized by the forceps and firmly held, while the stiletto is driven through his body. His juices are soon sucked dry by the secreted monster of the cave, and then with one jerk of the forceps the carcass is flung up and out two or three inches beyond the edge of the funnel—a distance as much as if a man were thrown one hundred and fifty times his length. Should the ant, when first tumbling, escape the grasp of the forceps, and seek to clamber out of the trap, the anti-lion foils the attempt by jerking little jets of sand on the body and across the path of his flying victim, who is soon stunned, bewildered, and, losing his grasp on the slippery sides, falls back, a helpless prey to his destroyer.

"Mr. Davis, when on the coast of Georgia, many years ago, had often spent hours in watching them, and their whole performance could be witnessed by placing one in a cigar-box, half filled with fine sand, and dropping in some sugar or a dead locust to attract the ants. The anti-lion would be in the box half a day before commencing to earn his livelihood by digging out his prey. So great was the habit of subtlety in this insect, that, when moving from place to place, it always burrowed along, just a little beneath the surface of the sand; and he had heard, if compelled to cross a stone, log, or other obstruction, that it seized a chip or leaf with its forceps, thereby covering its body, as it slowly and painfully toiled backward. This, however, he could not verify from personal observation."

**FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.**—WILLIAM DAVIDSON: American News Co.—The mere fact that so sagacious a firm as the American News Company has published the volume is *prima facie* evidence there is something in it. It is not as novel and entertaining as the reputation of the writer as a comedian would lead us to expect, but it is a very readable, pleasant volume. The style is somewhat crude, but Mr. Davidson is an inexperienced author, and will improve in time. He writes, however, very directly, and if he would not think quite so much of his literary wit it would vastly improve him. One of the chief faults of the book is that it lets us into some of the "behind the scenes" secrets, which all like to read of. The book is freely embellished.

**HUMANITY TO HORSES.**—GOODENOUGH HORSE SHOE CO.—This is an interesting pamphlet, showing the defects in the common mode of shoeing horses, and describing a patent shoe that obviates them. No animal deserves better of man than the horse, and he is too frequently given over to some ignorant boot, who has no more idea of the delicate structure of the animal's foot, which he cuts and hammers as if it were a block of wood, than he has of a sculpture or painting. We had with pleasure any movement that will direct proper attention to this neglected subject, and cordially approve of the views held forth in this publication.

#### TOWN GOSSIP.

We do not know that the fervid patriotism and the burning powder of the Fourth had any effect upon the atmosphere, but certain it is that shortly afterward we endured such a scorching as seldom falls to our lot, and began to fear that the earth had gone off at a tangent, and was hurling us in a direction that would enable us to determine the long-disputed theories about the composition of the sun. There was a rush for the country, and its fields and groves; everybody who could get away from the streets, that seemed avenues of fire, hastened off; while others gained a little respite by crossing the ferries and taking a short trip on the excursion boats.

The effect of such extremes of temperature on the public health are disastrous. Many fell victims to sunstroke, and many others were so overcome and prostrated that weeks will not restore them to their accustomed vigor. Strange to say, none of our Judges tried the force of an injunction upon this palpable invasion of personal comfort and general well-being! We respectfully submit that here was a case in which no one would question the propriety of using that lately-invented legal guillotine, and that would never be referred to the Court of Appeals.

The great question now discussed in social circles is, Where to spend the summer? The sea-shore, the springs, the mountains, all present their varied attractions, and woo the wearied denizens of the metropolis with different appeals. A sojourn at any of them would contribute to health and comfort, and yet the getting away is attended with no small degree of vexation. There is the preparation for the journey, the refurnishing of wardrobes, and the hundred nameless little things requiring attention, in order that the trip may realize all that it promises; there are the weeks of anticipation, and all the anxieties preceding the season—these make a labor of recreation, and stifle enjoyment.

In fact, we believe the great object of recreation is sacrificed by the absurd determination to carry the excitement and style of the city to our summer resorts. There should be a time when we could entirely cut loose from everything that taxes our energies and burdens our thoughts; but if we make the short respite gained from business and labor a constant round of fashionable dissipation, we might as well remain at home. If we would substantially recuperate our wearied energies, a sojourn in the country, among the woods and fields, and amid the rustic simplicity of agricultural life, would prove far preferable to a season at Saratoga or Newport. And sensible people are beginning to appreciate this fact, and in casting about for a summer abode, to select some quiet farmhouse, where, for a time, they can lay aside all conventionalities, and in place of the frivolities of the watering-places, draw inspiration from the simplicity of nature, and drink in health and vigor from her unfailing fountains.

Especially does such a course commend itself to those of moderate means, who, in those times of tariffs and taxes, find it necessary to practice a rigid economy to live within their resources.

There are daily cases of cholera in the city, but the sanitary precautions that have been taken prevent anything like an epidemic form of the scourge, and preclude a panic among the people. The fact is, there are many diseases constantly prevalent that are far more fatal than cholera, but we have become so accustomed to those that we hardly give them a thought. During the four days of excessive heat last week, there were seventy deaths from sun-stroke in this city and in Brooklyn, an immensely large mortality, yet every one feels that by prudence he may escape danger from this cause, and therefore there is no alarm. Consumption claims its scores of victims each week, raging with equal power in summer and winter alike, and we accept its existence as a matter of course. And so we shall find that the best preventive of cholera, if we are correct and careful in our habits, is that equitable condition of mind that does not yield to groundless fears, and meets exigencies when they arise.

There are some places that soon gain their growth and maturity. Like a young Miss at boarding-school, they are *awakened* after a very summary process, and their importance becomes of little account. Not such is New York. Here, the march of improvement is ever onward, and as business and wealth increase, they require a constantly new condition of things. Hence there is an unceasing tearing down and building up. Structures that a few years ago were considered massive and elegant, are now unsuited to the times, and must give place to others more ample and ornate.

The old landmarks are fast disappearing, and a new city is springing up on every side. And it is a rather singular fact that the churches are the first objects of this iconoclasm. Whether or not there is an irrepressible conflict between the enterprise of business and the requirements of religion, we shall not undertake to determine; but certain it is, that Christianity, as an organized power, has abandoned the lower half of our city and allowed its temples to become the seat of the money-changers.

Of our Central Park we are justly proud; it is "a thing of beauty," accessible to every one; it is country garlanded and beautified in the midst of the toiling, sweating city. Here one can breathe freely; and then, to all the attractions of scenery, shade, rambles, etc., the Commissioners have provided music and its enchantments on certain days each week, giving to the million such an entertainment as they could not find elsewhere.

Aquatic sports, ball-playing, the turf, and other outdoor diversions, are the most attractive amusements at present, and in consequence, the theatres are less liberally patronized.

The Ravels completed a very successful engagement at Niblo's last week, and give place to a short season of the opera.

The Buislay Family, notwithstanding the state of the thermometer, have continued to thrill the multitude with their wonderful feats at the New Bowery. The feat of trying the peculiar experiment of making the hair "stand on end," should by all means see the Buislays, who apparently set at defiance all the accepted laws of natural philosophy and ignore gravitation entirely.

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—The return of the number of immigrants that arrived at Quebec from the 1st of May to the 15th of June, 1866, shows that the total for this period was 17,285, against 6,330 for the corresponding period of 1865, showing an increase this year of 10,955. Of the total, nearly 11,000 were Norwegian, mostly bound for the Western States. British immigrants form but an insignificant proportion of the whole.

The decease of Prof. Mussey, one of the most learned, scientific and practical surgeons in New-England, is widely lamented. He was connected with Dartmouth College, at Hanover, N. H., from 1814 to 1838, subsequently removed to Cincinnati, and gave up practice about ten years since. One of his sons, Dr. W. H. Mussey, was United States Medical Inspector during the war, and another is Brevet Brigadier-General R. D. Mussey, who was at one time Private Secretary to President Johnson. Prof. Mussey left directions for a post-mortem examination of his own body.

Mr. James Shea, a rich old bachelor of St. Louis, died recently, leaving the bequest of \$100,000 to the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity, in that city, in which institution, when poor and friendless, he had received medical care and nursing.

At the public celebration of the Fourth at New Orleans, Mayor Monroe, in introducing the reader of the Declaration of Independence, took occasion to say that he differed from one expression of opinion in that document, to the effect that all men were created equal. The nigger could not be considered the equal of the

white man; and as the writer of the Declaration, Mr. Jefferson, was a slaveholder, it stood to reason that he never could have meant to include the nigger in that assertion.

Timothy Nelson, an old negro, formerly a servant in the Washington family, died at Suffolk, Va., recently. He was ninety-four years old. He helped to cut a canal leading from the western margin of the Dismal Swamp to Drummond's Lake, an enterprise projected by Gen. Washington.

On the 11th of August next, the old folks of St. Louis propose to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the first grant of land covering the site of that city. It is proposed to form an Historical Society, and to secure an authentic history of the city from its first settlement.

The Charleston Courier gives an account of the decoration of the graves of the rebel dead at Greenville, S. C. It says over a thousand persons participated in the exercises. The order of procession embraced eleven young ladies clad in white, and representing the several Confederate States. Most of the stores of the village were closed, and the bells of the churches were tolled.

The steamer Goldfinch has just arrived at St. Louis from the mountains. She says new diggings are being discovered and considerable gold is being secured, but reports large numbers of young men out of work, many offering their services at \$40 per month, hardly enough to pay their board. Every boat that arrives from that quarter brings down a perfect museum of living animals, bears, wolves, goats, prairie dogs, buffaloes and eagles, owls, cranes and other zoological and ornithological specimens.

Major John Tyler, a son of Ex-President Tyler, delivered the annual address last week at Commencement exercises of William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Va. His subject was "Virginia and the Destinies of the American people under the providence of God," and after showing how much greater Virginia has been than New England, he declared that we are now entering upon a new era, and that empire is the solution of history.

A few days ago three Catholic priests and two students were drowned in Annapolis Bay. They had started out on a boating excursion, when one of the party, Father Classens, accidentally fell overboard, and in attempting to rescue him, the boat was capsized. Only two of the party were saved.

The city government of Portland is taking steps to effect a number of improvements in the way of changing the streets and laying a park in the burnt district.

Seventeen families, numbering eighty persons, lately passed through Cottonwood, Kansas, eastward bound. They were fugitives from the Mormon paradise, and among them was Dr. H. Bates, a prominent Mormon, for some years clerk of the Twelve Apostles, and one of Brigham Young's Secretaries.

Geo. A. Mitchell, of Turner, Maine, the inventor of the copper tips for children's shoes, and his son, six years of age, were drowned near their residence lately. The father was endeavoring to save the life of his son who had got beyond his depth.

The intense heat a few days since proved fatal to large numbers in this city and Brooklyn, as will be seen by the annexed record. The following exhibits the number of cases of sun-stroke, thus far reported, for this city and Brooklyn:

	New York.	Brooklyn.
Friday, July 6.....	2	1
Saturday, July 7.....	14	5
Sunday, July 8.....	43	6
Monday, July 10.....	10	7
Total.....	61	13

Making a grand total of seventy-four cases in both places.

The first vessel of the codfish fleet arrived at San Francisco on the 7th inst. from the Ochotak Sea, with 31,000 fish.

Judge Howell, of New Orleans, has issued a proclamation calling together the Louisiana State Convention of 1864. It was this convention which declared the State free, and elected Hahn Senator and Wells Governor, under the influence of federal occupation.

Mr. Peabody arrived in Montreal last Saturday in a special car provided for him by Ex-Governor John Gregory Smith, of Vermont. On arriving at the Bonaventure station he was met by several distinguished gentlemen and Canadian officials, and soon after drove to his quarters at St. Lawrence Hall. An elaborate and formal demonstration was intended, but he declined it. On Sunday he attended Church at the English cathedral, and declined as far as he could seeing any visitors. He goes to the Saguenay River to enjoy salmon fishing for a few days.

**Foreign.**—The last census taken at St. Petersburg, Russia, shows that the population amounts to 539,122, of whom 313,483 are men, 225,679 women.

A feeling prevails in Paris and London to the effect that the war, so far as Italy was concerned, is almost ended; but the Florence dispatches state, their people are determined to conquer.

The London Times indicates very plainly that Austria could now afford to treat for the cessation of Venetia to Italy, and thus detach her from the alliance with Prussia. The writer calls indirectly on Napoleon as a peacemaker to "bend" Italy to this course.

Le Nord, of Brussels, expresses the semi-official opinion that the Czar of Russia inclines toward Napoleon's plan of a powerful armed neutrality, regrets the non-assembly of the Paris Congress, and awaits eventualities.

An English agricultural journal publishes a ludicrous calculation, founded on the theory that there are one rat and ten mice per acre in England. The vermin thus amount to 91,116,000, which would consume 182,232 bushels of corn daily, or 4,116,167 quarters and four bushels in the half year, namely, one hundred and eighty-two days and a half; and this would supply 5,831,424 people with a two-pound loaf each daily for six months, or 2,915,712 people daily with a two-pound loaf each the year round.

At a newspaper office in Sydney, Australia, is a tablet informing visitors that the editor cannot be spoken to unless paid for his time. Persons desiring an audience are invited to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting-room—one hour costing ten shillings; half an hour, six shillings; fifteen minutes, three shillings, and so on.

Eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep, and eight shillings a day, is the motto of an association of workmen in Lancashire, England.

There are in the whole of Europe 1,480 theatres. Of these there are 337 in France, 166 in Spain, 159 in England, 153 in Austria, 112 in Germany, 76 in Prussia, 44 in Russia, 34 in Belgium, 23 in Holland, 30 in Switzerland, 10 in Sweden, 6 in Norway, 16 in Portugal, 10 in Denmark, 4 in Greece, 4 in Turkey, 3 in Roumania and 1 in Servia. In Italy there is one theatre for every 75,000 of the inhabitants.

Everybody (says a Paris correspondent) knows conscripts, when examined by a council of revision, are stark naked. A short time since Viscount Maller, Sub-Prefect of Valenciennes, was President of the Council of Revision. A number of young conscripts had been examined, when, to the surprise of everybody, a man, fifty years old, with an immense beard and gray head, came stalking, perfectly naked, into the room. The gen-d'arme, whose business it was to introduce the conscript, had become so tired seeing naked people, he really saw no more, so listless were his eyes, and had let this old fellow in unconsciously. The Sub-Prefect exclaimed, angrily enough: "What is the meaning of this joke? What does that man want?" The peasant replied: "Why, you see here, Mr. Sub-Prefect, I've got something to say to you—something important. I have tried every way to get at you, but never could. I was told you were going to preside at the Council of Revision here to-day, and as I wanted to see you, I put on the proper costume, and here I am, Mr. Sub-Prefect, and what I want is—I want you to diminish my taxes!"



BRIGHAM YOUNG, CHIEF OF THE MORMONS.

## BRIGHAM YOUNG.

MORMONISM is a great anomaly in American history. Opposed to our institutions, repugnant to our sense of decency, at variance with all our notions of virtue and propriety, derided and persecuted, it has grown and flourished, and become a formidable power in the land, which we find more expedient to tolerate than to overthrow.

When Joe Smith was killed, in 1844, it was generally supposed that the "Saints," whose principles and practice were anything but saintly, would never again effect an organization, and that their whole system, like some foul cancer, had been eradicated from the body politic; but the mantle of Smith fell upon an able and worthy successor, who had the genius to devise and the will to execute great things. That successor was Brigham

Young, whose portrait we give on this page. Whatever we may think of his character and principles, he certainly possesses all the elements of a great leader, and he has succeeded in giving to his system an influence and prominence worthy of a better cause. Shrewd, imperious, unscrupulous, he is just the man for the place, and probably no one else could have formed from the same material such a massive and homogeneous structure. Salt Lake City, which has grown up under his direction and supervision, is one of the wonders of modern times, and it has become such under the imperious sway of the great Mormon autocrat.

The desert has been changed into a garden, immense wealth and resources have been created; and while exalting the power of the church, this master spirit has not neglected those material and less spiritual matters that constitute the elements of influence in the world.

While requiring of his followers and subjects industry and simplicity in living, he himself is not insensible to the advantages of luxury and style, and his aim has been to impress the minds of the Saints with the notion of his own greatness and power, and the necessity of implicit obedience to his commands.

This fact is exhibited in the character of the public buildings and improvements, which are massive and imposing from their size, but destitute of architectural beauty and proportion. Zion House, his own residence, and the Theatre, are shown in our illustration. In our Eastern cities they would be rude, uncouth, intolerable; in Salt Lake City they are monuments of labor and energy expended under unfavorable circumstances, and triumphing over almost insuperable obstacles. They are the exponents of the peculiar civilization of the region which, trampling upon the better instincts of our nature, cannot aspire to the refinement in art that springs from virtue and intelligence. The crowning work of Brigham's ambition will be the grand Temple which he is now erecting, and of which we give two views in our illustration. The grand feature of this structure is its size; it suggests nothing of skill and taste and progress; it is simply a massive pile of materials, that may excite curiosity, but can never inspire devotion.

The building is in the form of an ellipse, with an extreme length of 250 feet, and width of 150; extreme height of roof, 78 feet; height of ceiling, 68 feet. The immense roof-frame rests upon 44 cut stone piers, about 12 feet apart and 20 feet in height, which gives 48 feet of spring to the arch. The 44 bents, or principal rafters forming the arch are composed of six thicknesses 2½ inch plank, framed like lattice-work, strongly pinned and bolted, and tied by 15 horizontal cross timbers on the outside, upon which the small rafters for the sheeting will be laid, and 15 similar cross timbers inside, to which the ceiling joists will be stayed. The 13 half bents, resting upon the 13 piers in curve at each end, join diagonally upon the apex of the arch of the two outside parallel bents.

The stand will be in the west end; the floor to be level for a distance of sixty or seventy feet in front of the stand, thence gradually rising to the east end, where the seats will be eight feet above the level. It is estimated that the house will seat about ten thousand persons. For freedom of ingress and egress—a very material consideration where large audiences are concerned—ample provision has been made in the folding-door appointments of the entire space, between the nine piers in line on either side. A cornice eight feet deep will surmount the stone work.

In the majestic, towering, self-supporting roof of this building, there will be consumed nearly one hundred thousand feet of lumber. When finished, it will present the appearance of a ponderous half globe, with sides slightly compressed; and though of the plain, rather than of the grotesque order of architecture, from its vast proportions and striking originality of design, will make its impression upon the beholder, and stand as an imperishable monument of magnificent zeal and unparalleled unity on the part of an infant, derided people.

For nearly twenty years Brigham Young has been the great high-priest of Mormonism. He has made the system what it is, and he will long be remembered as an evidence of what can be accomplished by an unbounded confidence in one's own resources, and an unswerving devotion to a simple end, together with a bold determination never to be discouraged by opposition, or yield to any obstacle. Young is now far past the prime of life, being about sixty-five years old, and must soon find his vigor impaired by the increasing weight of years and the cares incident to his position. Whether a system he has done so much to advance and establish will long survive him is a matter of doubt; but that it must soon yield to the common sentiment of our civilization few will deny. If it do not fall with its own weight, it will certainly be driven away before an enlightened and healthy public sense of propriety and right.

## OUR BASE BALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

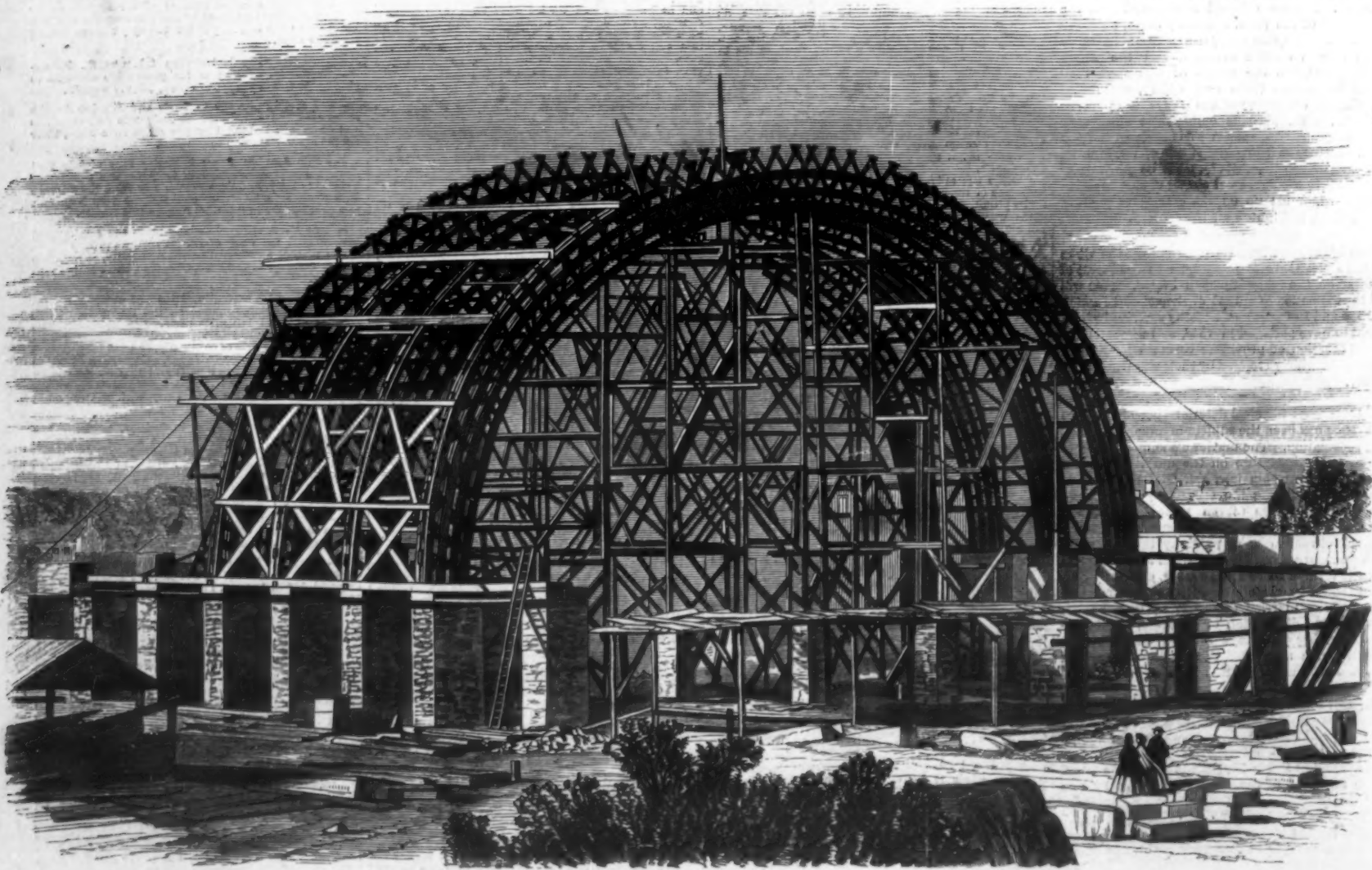
We this week commence the series of portrait illustrations of notable players in the fraternity, the first one given being that of Mr. David Sanford, of the Central City Base Ball Club of Syracuse, N. Y. We shall give these portrait pictures in the order in which we receive them, the Central City Club being the first one to reply to our circular which was sent round to every Association Club in the country. If any Clubs have not received one, we hereby notify them that we shall be happy to hear from them in relation to the history of their organization, and the name and special qualifications—moral as well as physical—of the gentleman whom they consider the best general player in their Club.



DAVID SANFORD, "CATCHER," CENTRAL CITY B. B. CLUB, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

Previous to the visit of the celebrated Excelsior Club to the Western part of New York State in 1860, base ball was a game comparatively unknown. But the masterly displays of the beauties of the game afforded by the Excelsior nine during their tour, created quite a *furor* for it among the young men of the State from Albany to Buffalo, and among the clubs that began to enter into the spirit of the exercise, was the Syracuse Club, which was first organized in 1858. When the war of the rebellion broke out in 1861, and the mimic conflicts of the ball-field were changed to those of the blood and carnage of the battle-fields of grim "visaged war," the Syracuse Club, like others of the fraternity, laid by the bats and balls and took up the musket and bullets, and until 1865 the club lay dormant. In that year, however, it was reorganized, and at the last Convention of the National Association, entered the Convention as the Central City Club of Syracuse, N. Y., and is now one of the flourishing organizations of the Western portion of our State. So much for the club. Now for its best general player, Mr. David Sanford, the catcher of the first nine of the club.

Mr. Sanford is a young man under twenty years of age, of medium height, compact build, and possessed of considerable muscular power. He is agile in his movements and naturally graceful, and plays the game from the first inning to the last, win or lose, as earnestly and attentively to the interests and good name of his club as if his whole heart was in the contest. With accurate eye for measuring distances, he watches



THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE MORMON TEMPLE, NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT SALT LAKE CITY.

he movement of the ball from the start, and taking it readily with either hand on the fly, or sharp from the ground, throws it accurately to the point where it is required. Being specially qualified to fill the position of catcher, to that he is generally assigned; but he can play a base beautifully, and he is valuable in the field. His accurate throwing to bases from the catcher's position is a feature of his play, his precision being up to the mark of that of George Wright, of the Gotham Club of this city, who stands unsurpassed in this respect. As a batsman he is a powerful hitter, and makes good average scores. Noteworthy as are his physical qualifications, however, we have specially to speak in praiseworthy terms of his moral attributes. Well educated, with ample means for all reasonable wants, and attentive to his business, as an ardent admirer of the game he devotes all his spare time to the manly exercise, it being his chief recreation while in season. Modest and unassuming, and a young man of strict integrity of character, he has won hosts of friends, as much by his gentlemanly deportment as by his skillful play. No one will be more surprised than himself on seeing this notice and the accompanying vignette. In conclusion, we append a few extracts from some of the Western New York papers commenting upon his play in matches which have taken place within the past year. In one of these games he went through the match without allowing a ball to pass him on which a base was made.

From the *Onesago Palladium*.—"The playing of Sanford was excellent—it was sure out for an opponent to attempt the run from first to second base, so direct went the ball, and Charley Barner there was as sure to take it. No less than five were thus put out."

*Utica Watch*.—"Sanford, as usual, made everything count, adding to his reputation as being one of the very best of ball players."

*Rochester Democrat*.—"The Editor, Mr. Daniels, playing centre field in the match. 'The catching of Sanford was worth going a great way to see. So sure, easy and graceful is he, that the Mutual made but one successful attempt to run the bases on him. He receives the ball and throws it to a base so accurately, in one motion, that no time is lost. He is a splendid catcher, and a strong bat.'"

Our thanks are due Mr. Bonta—the gentlemanly Sec-



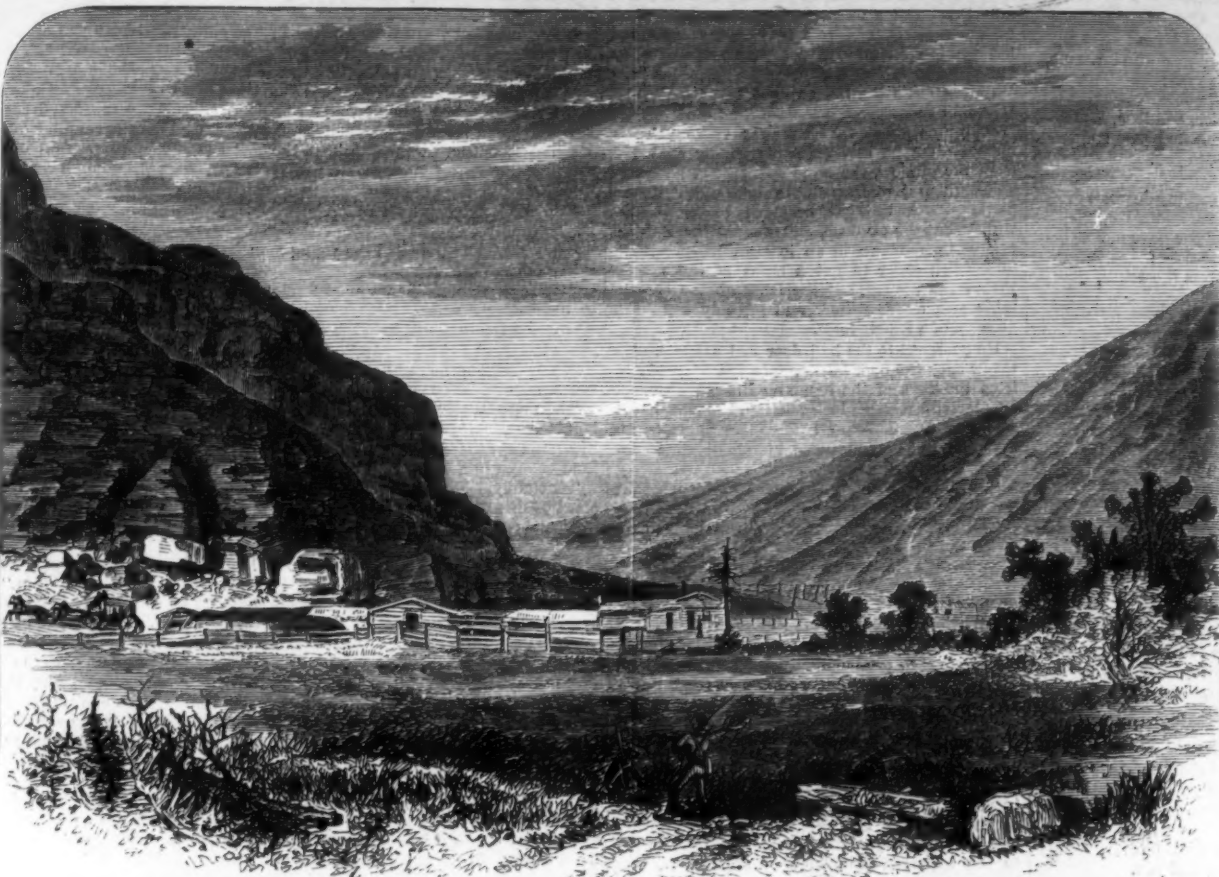
BLACK ROCK, IN GREAT SALT LAKE, UTAH TERRITORY.

retary of the Central City Club—for the prompt response to our circular.

Next week the portrait of Mr. Adam North, of the Empire Club, St. Louis, Mo., will be given, as the second of our series.

#### ECHO CANON.

Our view of this famous pass, on the great route to the Western portions of the national domain, will convey some idea of the wonderful scenery that



WEST ENTRANCE TO ECHO CANON, WITH ONE OF THE OVERLAND STAGE AND TELEGRAPH STATIONS, FORTY MILES EAST OF SALT LAKE CITY.

presents itself to the traveler as some compensation for the fatigue and toil of his journey.

These cañons, or passes, seem to have been formed for the special purpose of facilitating communication between the regions separated by lofty mountain-chains, and otherwise inaccessible.

When all progress would seem to be barred, one of

these beautiful cañons will disclose itself, and invite the wanderer into its shady retreat. Well will it be for him if no treacherous foe lies in wait for his destruction, for these passes furnish secure ambuscades, which have often been selected for deeds of cruelty and crime. The spirit of enterprise, however, has penetrated these distant recesses; the overland mail coaches make their constant trips and the telegraph flashes its messages through a region which, a few short years ago, was only the red man's home.

Another object of interest is the Black Rock, in Salt Lake. It rises in a conical form from the surface of the water, and, in lone grandeur, seems to keep watch and ward over this wonderful inland sea. It is remarkable as being the only object that interrupts the wide expanse, as you look from the Mormon capital.

To the tourist and artist this entire region presents grand attractions. Nature is revealed in all her moods, and he must be insensible who does not recognize and enjoy her charms, so lavishly displayed.

#### GEN. P. E. CONNOR.

BRIG.-GEN. P. E. CONNOR was born in Ireland, in 1820, and came to the United States with his parents at a very early age.

At the breaking out of the Mexican war he was living in Texas, and immediately tendered his services to his adopted country on the call for volunteers, being, with the celebrated Captain Walker, of that State, the first volunteer officer mustered into service. He served on

Gen. Taylor's line, and was severely wounded, while leading his company, at the battle of Buena Vista.

At the breaking out of the late rebellion he again tendered his services, on behalf of his country, the first opportunity that offered, and raised a regiment, of which he was commissioned Colonel, expecting, as did his entire command, to be called into active service

East; but it was decided otherwise, and in the summer of 1862 he marched a column into Utah, where, with the exception of a shorter interval, he has since been stationed in command of the district.

In the winter of 1862-3 he undertook a campaign against the hostile Indians, who then infested all the lines of travel through the Territory, and at the battle of Bear River, fought on the 29th of January, 1863, he, with the troops under his command, gained a signal victory over the savages, completely breaking their power for mischief, and compelling them to sue humbly for a peace, which they still faithfully keep.

With his career in Utah against the power of Brigham Young the world is tolerably familiar, and it is sufficient to say that the policy he has inaugurated and persistently pushed forward, of developing the mines and encouraging "Gentile" immigration, is fast undermining the strongholds of polygamy, and will yet cause them to topple to their fall.

While compelling the respect of his Mormon adversaries, he is probably by them the most warmly hated man in the world. Neither by threats or cajolery have they found it possible to swerve him from his duty to his country.

Gen. Connor is one of the many examples which our country affords of what great energy, joined with marked ability, may accomplish under the inspiration of institutions which second and encourage the attempts of the young and ambitious aspirants. Without wealth or political influence, but solely by his own unaided efforts, he has raised himself to a position of honor and affluence, to which his services and energy have richly entitled him.

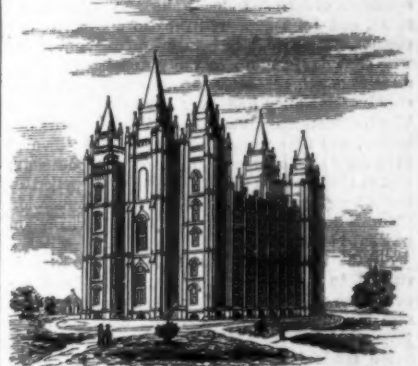


BRIG.-GEN. P. E. CONNOR, COMMANDING DISTRICT OF UTAH.

#### SPIDERS.

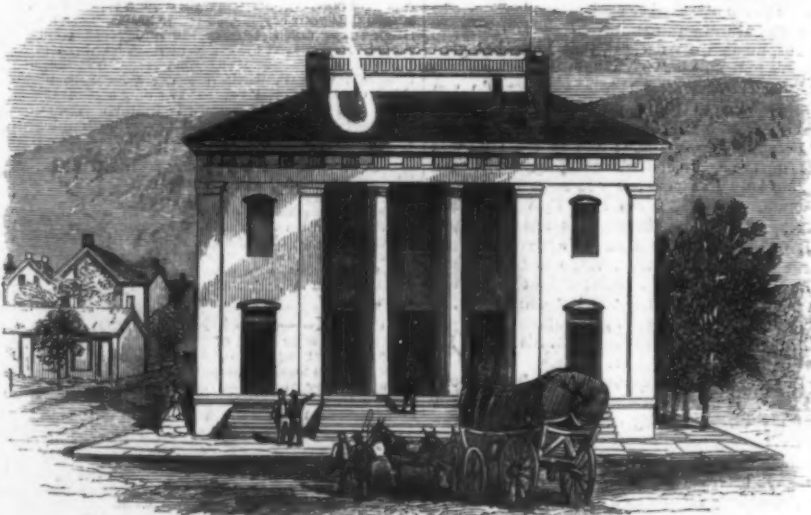
In order to test what a spider could do in the way of eating, we arose about daybreak one morning to supply his fine web with a fly. At first, however, the spider did not come from his retreat, so we peeped among the leaves, and there discovered that an earwig had been caught, and was now being feasted on. The spider left the earwig, rolled up the fly, and at once returned to his "first course." This was at half-past five A. M., in September. At seven A. M., the earwig had been demolished; and the spider, after resting a little while, and probably enjoying a nap, came down for the fly, which he had finished by nine A. M. A little after nine we supplied him with a daddy-long-legs, which was eaten by noon. At one o'clock a blow-fly was greedily seized, and with an appetite apparently no worse for his previous indulgence, he commenced on the blow-fly. During the day and toward the evening, a great many small green flies, or what are popularly termed midges, had been caught in the web, of these we counted 120, all dead, and fast prisoners in the spider's net. Soon after dark, provided with a lantern, we went to examine whether the spider was suffering at all from indigestion, or in any other way from his previous meals; instead, however, of being thus affected, he was employed in rolling up together the various little green midges, which he then took to his retreat, and ate; this process he repeated, carrying up the lots in little detachments, until the whole web was eaten, for the web and its contents were banded up together. A slight rest of about an hour was followed by the most industrious webmaking process, and before daybreak, another web was ready to be used in the same way. Taking the relative size of the spider and of the creatures it ate, and applying this to a man, it would be somewhat as follows: At daybreak, a small alligator was eaten; at seven A. M., a lamb; at nine A. M., a young camelopard; at one o'clock, a sheep; and during the night, 120 larks. This, we believe, would be a very fair allowance for one man during the twenty-four hours; and could we find one gifted with such an appetite and such digestion, we can readily comprehend how he might spin five miles of web without killing himself, provided he possessed the necessary machinery.

AROMATIC TREES.—A very common tree in the Uthas do Mata, is the Breio branco, which secretes from the inner bark a white resin, resembling camphor

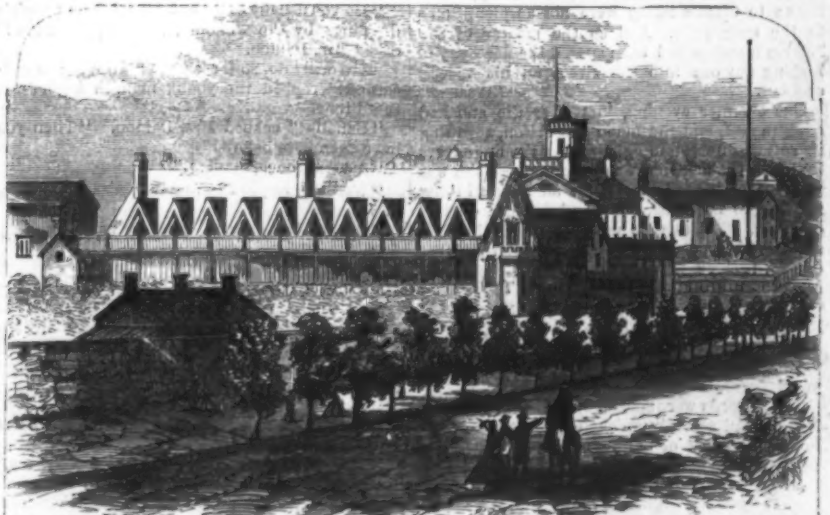


THE MORMON TEMPLE AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

in smell and appearance. The fruit is a small black berry, and the whole tree—fruit, leaf and stem—has the same aromatic fragrance. By loosening the bark and allowing the resin to flow freely, I collected a large quantity, and found it of great service in preserving my insect collections from the attacks of ants and mites. Another tree, much rarer than the Breio branco, viz., the Umiri (*Humirium floribundum*), growing in the same localities, distills in a similar way an oil of a most delicate fragrance. The yield, however, is very small. The native women esteem it highly as a scent. To obtain a supply of the precious liquid, large strips of bark are loosened, and pieces of cotton left in soak underneath. By visiting the tree daily and pressing the oil from the cotton, a small phial, containing about an ounce, may be filled in the course of a month.



THE MORMON THEATRE.



"ZION HOUSE," THE RESIDENCE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

## TO MY WIFE AT THE SEASIDE.

ALONE, in my own quiet office,  
I sit and I smoke my cigar,  
And I think of the "gird" wife who loves me,  
But who has departed so far:  
I think of her, lovely and noble,  
And hopeful, and fearless, and true,  
And I think of the blessing God gave me,  
My own darling Fannie, in you.

The clock that you gave me, my dearest,  
Points nigh to the "small hours" chime,  
And I sit in the arm-chair you gave me  
On a long ago Christmas time;  
And the smoke curls up from the ashes,  
Fantastic in colors so blue,  
As my heart is exhaling devotion,  
My dearest, my sweetest, for you.

Ah, me! 'tis a pleasure unspoken  
To feel that, wherever you be,  
A heart that is true and unbroken  
Is beating its life-throbs for me.  
We know not our blessings when present,  
And count them but paltry and few;  
So while you were with me I knew not  
How deep my affection for you.

And the children—how are they, I wonder,  
As they sit by the side of the sea,  
And hear both its murmurs and thunder?  
Oh, teach them remembrance of me.  
And, darling, at morn, when the breezes  
Blow freshly o'er waters so blue,  
Let thy spirit be wafted toward me,  
As my heart will be yearning for you.

The girl, with her wonderful sweetness,  
The boy, with his calm, earnest eyes,  
Oh, these are the jewels I cherish,  
The blessings most highly I prize;  
And their mother, who loves them so dearly,  
So steadfast, and honest, and true—  
God bless them, and keep them forever,  
My children, my darling, and you.

## "THAT'S ME;"

OR,

## THE JEALOUS HUSBAND CURED.

"WHERE there is no love, there can be no jealousy," is a common saying, but how is it where love really exists? Is there not often good reason for becoming jealous? So old John Damon thought.

Perhaps John would feel insulted if any person should address him with the prefix of *old*, for he called himself a *young* man. True, his hair was white, but his form was that of an athlete. True, he had toiled in his own counting-house for thirty years of married life, but he often declared himself younger than he was the day he led his Matilda to the altar.

Now his fair spouse was ten years younger than her lord, and was a remarkably well-preserved specimen of forty. Indeed, she was quite handsome, and John appeared fully to appreciate her charms. He evidently became more fond of his wife each day, and up to the moment that their ages reached, respectively, forty and fifty, not a cloud of jealousy had ever darkened their sky. The husband had always been a paragon of devotion, and never was absent from his "love," even for a single evening, save on one occasion; and at the time referred to, he was compelled to make a voyage to the East Indies, in connection with his business, and for two years Mrs. Damon was left inconsolable.

But at the end of that time, John returned, rushed to "the bosom of his family," and recorded an oath that nothing, save a matter of life and death, should ever tear him from his home-joys again.

We made the remark, "the bosom of his family." John's family simply consisted of himself and wife, and a young niece of sixteen summers, Clara was an orphan, and had been adopted by the Damons, they being childless, a fact which they appeared much to regret. Clara was of a romantic turn of mind—even a little wild—but innocent and truly good, confiding and generous. She was almost idolized by her aunt, but her uncle, although he felt a sincere affection for her, declared that she, like all other young girls, wanted watching, and the idea of her having a beau before she was twenty years of age was thoroughly ridiculous. It should never be allowed so long as he was the master of his own house, and she its inmate.

John resided a few miles in the country, where beaux to Clara's liking were not as plentiful as in the metropolis. And so the master of the Damon mansion had been spared the necessity of kicking any one into the street on his niece's account.

One summer evening, just after the sun had sunk to rest, and the moon had arisen, throwing its soft and uncertain light among the huge trees by which the mansion was surrounded, John was walking in his garden. It was an unusual thing for him to be alone, but it so happened on this occasion. Suddenly he paused. Something had attracted his attention; something like the figure of a man. This figure was partially concealed by a large rose-bush which grew near the library window. John crept cautiously forward. He listened.

"If he is so suspicious, you must conceal my visits. I truly love you, and cannot live without you."

These words were spoken by the strange visitor. But he had scarcely finished the sentence, when he caught sight of John's crouching figure, and he started off in an instant, and was lost to view.

"Mysterious!" thought John. "Can't be that he was speaking to the servant. The young man was too genteel in appearance, and Biddy has no

business in the library. Must have been Clara. And yet I saw a light at her window and herself standing by it, only an instant since. Good gracious! If it should be—Pshaw, John! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Suspect Mrs. D., when she's been a paragon of patience and virtue for thirty years? Perish the thought."

John was about to turn away and enter his house, when he saw an arm partially extended from the window, the hand grasping a handkerchief, which it was waving to some object in the distance. A thought occurred to him. He clutched at the cambric, and secured it. But the arm was withdrawn in an instant. John sprang forward in order to get a sight of the person within the library, but the lamp on the centre-table was extinguished, and he only caught a glimpse of a female form.

He hastened to the hall door and entered. He threw open the door leading into the library, and from the rays of the hall lamp, he saw a female. He started back as a look revealed the fact that it was Mrs. D. Jealousy entered his heart in an instant. But he conquered his emotion, and entering the apartment, asked:

"Matilda, my love, how does it happen that you are in the dark?"

"Can it ever be dark where you are, Damon?" asked the wife.

"She calls me Damon without the prefix *dear* or the affix *love*," thought John, "and her voice trembles, too." But he asked again:

"Why did you extinguish the library lamp?"

"I didn't do it. It must have been the wind."

"There isn't wind enough to move the down on a goose," thought John, as he proceeded to relight the lamp. This done, he glanced at the handkerchief. He gave a convulsive start, and then began a search on one corner of the linen. The initials "M. D." were upon it.

John gave a yell which would have done honor to a Sioux warrior, and then commenced pacing up and down the apartment in the most frantic manner. This he continued for some time, much to the apparent astonishment of Mrs. D. At length, however, he approached his wife, and holding forth the cambric, he exclaimed:

"Your handkerchief, madam."

"Thank you, Damon. Where did you find it, dear?"

"In the garden, madam."

"I presume the wind blew it out of the window, for I left it on the book-case a few moments since."

Damon began to pace up and down the room again.

"What is the matter, Damon? Why are you acting so strangely?"

"Acting! That's it, madam. Fire and furies, death and the devil, madam! It's enough to make a man act."

"To what do you refer?"

"Othello, madam. You've seen Othello played, haven't you?"

"Yes. He became jealous of his wife without cause, and killed her."

"Did he—without cause? Well, I'm jealous, and am going to play the Moor without cause."

"But I hope you won't murder your wife."

"Don't know, madam. When I get excited, I don't know what I might do."

"Well, if you really are going to act, I suppose you will remain in the city late in the evening. Of course you will take me with you."

"She wants to be left behind when I am gone," thought John. "I'll pretend to go. Good plan to catch the lover."

That night Damon made an effort to be cheerful. The next afternoon, he announced it as his intention to visit the city, stating that he should probably not return until late in the evening. Then he took his departure, after having coldly saluted Mrs. D., ordered Clara to her own room, and given his watch-dog a kick which sent him howling to his kennel.

That evening about eight o'clock Mrs. Damon entered the library, and took her seat upon a sofa near the window. Once or twice she heard a slight sound which momentarily attracted her attention. Then she was startled by the figure of a young man, who leaped from behind the sofa on which she was seated, and made his way rapidly for the open window. Her surprise was too great for a moment, to cry out, even if she had felt inclined to do so. But she half suspected the real cause of the intruder's presence.

Scarcely had the young man reached the window, when the furious barking of the dog outside told him of danger in passing that way. He therefore returned, deeming it much more safe to face the mistress of that mansion than the animal.

"Do you usually enter and depart from people's dwellings by the windows, young gentleman?" asked Mrs. Damon.

"I usually do, so far as *your* dwelling is concerned!" replied the young man, in a good-natured tone.

"Usually!" echoed Mrs. Damon. "Then you have been here before?"

"Several times, madam."

"Well, sir, as yet I have never missed anything of value."

"But, madam, after a few more visits, you may do so."

"Then you are a robber?"

"I don't know as I can be called a robber in the common acceptance of the term. But as I have been robbed by an inmate of this house, I think I have a right to retaliate."

"And pray, sir, of what have you been robbed here?"

"My heart, madam."

"Indeed! And who has stolen away the heart of so handsome a young gentleman as yourself?"

"She is quizzing or complimenting me," thought the young man. "She calls me handsome. I'll be even with her." He, therefore, threw himself first into a theatrical attitude, and

then upon his knees, exclaiming, in an extravagant manner:

"You, dear lady, you have my heart; and since you give me the assurance that I possess your own, let me suggest an instant flight from—"

"Thunder and Mars! I've caught you, have I?" cried Damon, as he burst open the door, and entered at that instant, almost bursting with rage. He had just been in time to hear the last sentence of the young man, and to witness his position. Approaching the stranger, he exclaimed:

"So, sir, you propose an elopement with Mrs. D., do you?"

"Certainly I do," replied the young man, bursting into a merry laugh.

"And you, madam," continued Damon, turning to his wife, "may—shall leave my house in an hour. As for this upstart, I'll settle with him, just as soon as I can get my pistols."

Saying which, he again blustered from the room.

"You see that your folly is likely to create trouble," exclaimed Mrs. Damon, after her husband had left the apartment. "Now you will be kind enough to explain?"

"Certainly, madam. I thought you were making sport of me, when you called me handsome, and my words and acts were simply intended as a joke."

"But why did you visit the house at all?"

"I will tell you now, frankly. I became acquainted with Miss Clara nearly a year since. I called upon her once or twice at that time. I was then compelled to be absent for a time. Two weeks ago I returned to the city. I have visited Clara three times. The reason I did not come openly was, she informed me that her uncle would not permit it."

"You were here last night?"

"Yes, madam."

"And you saw Clara to-night?"

"I saw Clara standing at her own window, and spoke with her an instant. I had just entered this library through this window, when I saw you. I hid behind the sofa. But a moment after I saw Clara through the side door. She motioned me to leap out of the window. I felt satisfied that if I attempted to remain concealed, you would discover me. Indeed, knowing that your husband was in the city, or at least supposing so, I came to the conclusion to see you, declare my love for your niece, and pray you to use your influence with her fiery uncle in my behalf. I attempted to escape by the window. I thought if I could do so, and then enter by the door like a gentleman, it would appear much better. But you discovered me, and my situation was so extremely ridiculous, that I thought I might as well turn the whole affair into a joke, having been informed by Clara that you were a lover of fun."

"Well, you see the result of your *fun*. My husband finds you on your knees to me, declaring your passion, and proposing flight. He, of course, has a right to be jealous; and, no doubt, as soon as he returns, will shoot you. Will you call that a joke?"

"But I can explain to him."

"He may not believe you."

"Let me marry Clara, and then he will."

"Really, young man, you are not overstocked with modesty."

"Perhaps not, madam. I have always had to make my own way through the world, and as the markets have usually stood, I never found that article at par."

"I doubt whether you ever invested in it. But pray tell me, since you propose an alliance with my niece, who and what are you?"

"I believe my name is Edward Lamar. I was born in the East Indies, twenty years since. I have no recollection of my father, and my mother died while I was quite young. I received some kindness, however, at the hands of a gentleman, was placed at school for a short time, but my patron died, and I was left alone. I sailed for the New World. The war then raging opened a field to me. I connected myself with the navy, and now wear an anchor in its service."

"That is much in your favor. But what of your father?"

"I have heard but little of him."

"You were born in the Indies twenty years ago, you say? My husband was there about that time. Perhaps he knew your father?"

"Possibly. And all I know of him myself I will freely tell you."

"Proceed."

"I have been informed that my father was an American, and that, something over twenty years ago, he took passage from New York for the Indies. Among the passengers, there was a young and beautiful lady. During the tedium of a long voyage, my father and this young woman became much attached to each other."

"Very natural—quite natural."

"Yes, madam, so natural, that I am that gentleman's natural son."

"Indeed! And after this confession, do you still presume to press your claim for Clara's hand?"

"I certainly do, madam; and as the fault was none of mine, I certainly shall expect that a sensible lady like yourself will not raise it as an objection. Besides, I am sure that my father was respectable, for a likeness I have in my possession, of himself, has a noble appearance. Of course he don't look now, if he is still living, as he did twenty years since, when this picture was taken. Look at it, madam," continued the young man, presenting the painting.

Oh, no, I don't wish to look upon his face. He must be a horrible monster."

"But you say your husband was in India about that time. He may be able to throw some light upon my birth. I beg of you to look at the picture."

Mrs. Damon took the painting, glanced at it, and gave utterance to a half-suppressed shriek. But she quickly recovered herself, and said to the young man:

"Edward Lamar, I hear my husband coming; be kind enough to step into the next apartment; I will call you presently."

Edward obeyed. Scarcely had he left the library by one door, when John Damon entered by another. His eyes glared, he was pale, and his short, white hair stood erect. He expected to find his wife in tears, but she stood proudly erect to receive him. And she asked:

"Damon, have you come to order me from the house?"

"I have come for an explanation, madam."

"You shall have it—get me a chair."

The husband was somewhat astonished at the cool manner of his wife, but he did as she commanded him, and then took a seat himself.

"Proceed," he said.

"You will first proceed to question me, and I will answer."

"Very well. Did you not stand or sit by that window last evening, and hold converse with a young man whom I saw in this apartment a few moments since?"

"I did not."

"Did you not afterward signal the same person with your handkerchief?"

"I did not."

"Such proceedings I witnessed between that young man and some female. Who could the latter person have been?"

"No doubt, Clara."

"Humph! Perhaps you will deny that I found a young man upon his knees to you in this apartment, a short time since, and that I heard him speak of an elopement with you?"

"I will not deny this."

"You can't."

"Then you are really jealous?"

"I should think so."

"And you will drive me from your house?"

"Unless you make satisfactory explanations."

"I will do so. Listen to me, Damon. For thirty years I have been your wife; you never suspected me until last night?"

"Never."

"And have you never given me reason to suspect you?"

"That's a matter to be settled hereafter. Speak of yourself, madam."

"I will. Twenty-two years ago you sailed for India, leaving me behind."

"My absence was unavoidable, and I could not take you with me."

"I was left alone for two years, Damon?"

"With all your little comforts around you, Mrs. D."

"I was young?"

"Just eighteen when I sailed."

"You had often told me that I was beautiful?"

"What is coming now?"

"I was surrounded by flatterers?"

"I believe I'm going to faint," groaned Damon.

"No wonder, then, that I should—"

"Hold, madam! don't speak the damping word until I get my breath."

Damon sprung to his feet, strode up and down the room, tore his hair, and beat upon his breast. But after a time he became more calm, and exclaimed:

"Go on, madam; speak, if you can bring your tongue to utter your own shame."

"It is with shame I speak it—the result of your absence was—"

"Was what, madam?" almost shrieked the frantic man.

"The result was, that young man you saw kneeling at my feet."

Damon was for a time speechless. He gasped like a person strangling, clutched his throat, and after the most desperate effort, cried:

"Where is his father? Show him to me. I'll tear him limb from limb!"

"He deserves it," coolly replied Mrs. D. "But here is the villain's portrait; take it; it will assist you in finding the fellow."

Damon seized the painting, and clutched it with a madman's gripe, as if the ivory was sensible of pain. He paced up and down the room with rapid strides, declaring that the instant he set his eyes upon the father he would annihilate him. But at length he paused near the light, and glanced at the painting. He started back—his anger appeared to vanish in an instant, and surprise take its place. The words which escaped him as he gazed upon the painting were simply:

"That's me!"

It was Damon's own portrait. But for all this, he found forgiveness; and Edward and Clara will, no doubt, be married in time. Damon has promised to take no more voyages to India without Matilda.

**FUN AT HOME.**—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home-stead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour's merriment round the lamp and freight of home, bids out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

**JUDGE H—**, of Northwestern Illinois, tells the following story of his early practice: "Soon after I commenced the practice of law I was engaged in trying a small matter of accounts before a justice of the peace, another young lawyer being employed on the other side. There was not much to be said, it is true; and about the time we got through with the testimony I noticed the justice figuring on a piece of paper and writing in the docket. As soon as the last witness was through I got up to argue my side of the case. The court, who was of a thirty temperment, got up, and as he left the bench said, coolly: 'Young men, you can go on with your arguments; I will be in pretty soon. The judgment is \$301! We didn't proceed.'"

## THE MOTHER TO HER SLEEPING BABE.

SLEEP, baby, sleep: thy soft blue eyes,  
Whose beaming looks I fondly prize,  
Are closing now in sweet repose,  
Unscared by pain or earthly woes.  
Yes, sleep in peace: thy mother's breast  
Pillows thy rest.

Sleep, baby, sleep: nay, do not start;  
'Tis but thy mother's beating heart  
Whose pulses throb against thy cheek,  
Full of the love she need not speak.  
Sleep, and dream on: thy mother's arm  
Shields thee from harm.

Ah, dost thou smile? Are angels near,  
Whispering sweet music in thine ear?  
Bright ministers from God above,  
Watching the children of his love?  
Sleep safely now; their wings are spread  
Around thy head.

Sweetly, my babe, thou sleepest now,  
With parted lips and placid brow;  
Not yet has pain or anxious care  
Printed harsh lines of sorrow there.  
Sleep, sleep in peace; thy mother's ear  
Is hush'ning near.

Omnipotent of earth and heaven,  
By whom all earthly joys are given,  
Thou only to a mother's heart  
Can this undying love impart.  
I thank Thee still for every bliss—  
But most for this.

## A Maori Love Tale.

THE following narrative is a true one. It happened, not many years ago, in the most beautiful part of New Zealand, the Bay of Islands, so aptly named, and so well known as a regular resort of the American sperm whale fisheries for fruits, vegetables and supplies, in the end of the summer season, from the month of February to May.

The Bay of Islands, so named from the many beautiful little islets which beset its blue, translucent waters, runs many miles inland, indenting the woody slopes with deep sheltered bays, where ships can ride in safety, untouched by any storm, as they idly rock on their smooth, glassy surface.

Scattered up and down these bays, and on its many islets, dwell one of the most powerful as well as most numerous of the Maori tribes, called the Ngapuhi. This tribe is perhaps the most warlike of all the native race, not excepting the powerful inland tribe of the Waikatos, their natural, hereditary and most bitter foes. Between these two great tribes perpetual warfare has ever existed, and many and varied the raids the one has made on the other, with alternate success and defeat on either side; and many are the Taurekas, or slaves, captured in those excursions, to be found in both tribes. Formerly but small mercy was shown to any so captured, especially if they happened to be old, weak, or children; mercilessly they were butchered, and then cooked. Only the strong, and those likely to be useful, escaped this fate, to be doomed to one of longer continuance, but perhaps scarcely less merciful than a swift and speedy death, for their after-life was to be one of perpetual slavery: not theirs alone, for their misfortune descended to their children, and their children's children after them. Henceforth their strength, their substance, the fruits of their toil, the offspring of their bodies, were all alike the property of their captor; they held their very life merely on sufferance, and existed only as long as it pleased the caprice or suited the interests of those who owned them.

Though originally of the same blood and kin, descended from the same great ancestor, Maori-owning one common father, speaking the same tongue, nurtured on the same soil, they became a distinct and marked race; they had, with rare exceptions, no voice in the affairs of the tribes, no influence in the councils of the people—looked upon as so many tools to manufacture food and minister to the pleasures and wants, the whims and caprices of their lords and masters. In a word, they were Taurekas, or slaves—Taureka, a name most offensive of any to a free-born native New Zealander.

Well, nigh forty years ago, when the ships of the white men began to touch regularly at Korororika, (the native name of the Bay of Islands) and exchanged muskets, and balls, and powder, for potatoes, and kumieras, and yams, the Ngapuhi, newly armed with the white man's thunder and lightning, more destructive in its effects than that of Jove of old, resolved to pay their old enemies, the Waikatos, a by no means friendly visit. War canoes were fitted out, akina newly tattooed and painted, feathers donned, and in all the other rude panoply of Maori warfare, they started on their expedition, part of them overland, by long and forced marches, and the remainder over the oft-times boisterous seas, in large double-tree hewn canoes.

At length they all met at the agreed-upon rendezvous, and came suddenly on their unexpected foe. It matters not to the interest of my tale to tell of the onslaught upon so many comparatively defenseless victims. All in vain the Waikatos fought, undaunted by the new and fearful weapons of their invaders. Spears and clubs proved of small avail against the afar-off death-dealing powder and bullets. Many a brave foe bit the dust; many a young warrior sought and found in death his first and last laurels—alas! not of victory, but next best to triumph, a death on the field, fighting bravely for hearths and homes. Many a poor woman and helpless child fell victims to the ruthless fury of their unsparring destroyers. Many bodies were roasted and eaten. And many more, the strength of the unfortunate tribe,

followed sadly and submissively their captors home.

The vengeance of the Ngapuhis being amply satisfied, their horrid cannibal propensity more than gratified, with booty and spoils of war in the shape of spears and clubs, stores of food and many captors, they betook themselves once more to their canoes, and paddled and sailed their seaward voyage home, where, after a few days' prosperous journey, they safely arrived.

Among the many captives taken, was a young girl, spared by the old chief, Kaiteke, her captor, on account of her birth as a rangatira's (great chief's) daughter, and her promise of great future beauty. Her name was Atahua, (the form of beauty.)

To his whare or hut he took her, and confided her to the care of his chief wife, thinking her too young to excite jealousy among his numerous wives, and hoping, for the present at least, Waitua, his oldest one, would look upon her and treat her as a daughter. He was not deceived. Waitua's heart, savage though she was, warmed to the poor bereft orphan, and she took her under her protection and fostering care. The years passed, and the captive girl, in that fair, genial clime, quickly ripened into a dark-eyed, beautiful woman.

Another eye, however, besides the old man's, had noted her fast-growing charms, another heart was stricken with a warmer, stronger feeling than even that of the hot but old and passionate chief. That eye and that heart belonged to the old man's first-born and only son, Re-whare-wa, the only child of Waitua, his first wife, and Waitua herself favored her son, as a mother always will. Despite her strong suspicion, or perhaps, rather, owing to it, that her husband intended the damsel for himself, she gave her son every opportunity she could and dared, to see Ata, as she was generally called.

And Ata was not slow to mark the difference between the young, active, well-formed Re-whare-wa, and the old gray-headed, though still strong-willed and powerful Kaiteke. Naturally, she, too, favored the youth, and all the more, perhaps, that their meetings had to be secret ones, and at rare and distant intervals.

Many other eyes and many other hearts were alike smitten by Ata's dark eyes and blushing charms. All the young men of the tribe cast longing eyes toward her, but well knowing the superior claims of their head-chief and his son, could only look on afar off, and long in vain for fruit far beyond their reach.

Whether the old chief knew, or, "knowing," seemed not to know, with all a savage's innate secretiveness of word and thought, his son's too evident partiality for Ata, I cannot say; he neither by word or sign manifested any such knowledge. On the contrary, he seemed to make no objection to their intercourse whenever, which happened but seldom, he found them together. And so time passed, and the girl and boy loved each other with all the passion and warmth of youth's first love. At length the old man's health began to fail, and the time of his departure hence seemed to be drawing nigh.

One fine summer's day he asked his brother to give him his gun, ready loaded, as he would like to fire one more shot before he went forth to the land of spirits. His brother gave it him, and then the old man desired his wives to be sent for, as he wished to bid them all good-by, and Ata among the rest. As soon as the girl appeared with the other women, the old wretch deliberately raised the gun, and taking aim at her, fired. Uttering a loud shriek, the women rushed round her, expecting every moment to see her drop on the ground in the agonies of death. To their great surprise, she remained standing, quiet, and apparently unharmed. The gun had not been loaded with ball, for the chief's brother had guessed his intention, and thus frustrated it.

Then the old man wailed out his rage and indignation. "I am growing old and my authority is departing from me; the strength of my arm is failing, the sight of mine eyes is fast dimming, and my young men regard not my words. My own brother, the son of my mother, heeds me not. I go forth to the land of spirits unaccompanied, and the wife I had chosen to share with me the journey does not accompany me."

And then, as if rage and baffled intentions had put, for the time, fresh strength into his limbs, he started up, and throwing around him his flaxen mat, peremptorily ordered Ata to follow him. His "houi," or stone club, the symbol of his chieftainship, hung from his right wrist. Ata, folding closely around her her solitary robe of birds' skins, followed, trembling, his footsteps. None of the others dared to interfere, but silently watched the pair, as Kaiteke led the way to the edge of a high rocky precipice overlooking the sea, and on the top of which his kainga was built. As soon as they reached the overhanging ledge of the rock, Kaiteke ordered Ata to take her stand before him, and then pushed her off. With a loud, unearthly scream, the poor girl disappeared, and the other women, setting up a loud tangi, rushed down to the seaside to find her mangled body lying on the stones below. On reaching the beach, to their great delight they found it was high-tide, and saw the head of the girl out of the water, some distance from shore, and herself striking bravely and boldly out for a small island in the distance, and on which Kaiteke's brother lived.

This island they saw the girl safely reach and wade up out of the water to Hoani's hut, enter it, and there remain. Old Kaiteke saw none of it, satisfied that the girl was now his own, if not in this world, in the one to which he thought he had sent her. He stood a few moments longer on the rock, and then returned to his whare, or hut. Here, seating himself on the ground, he sang his parting song, which is still preserved among his tribe:

"I am falling, quickly falling, to the regions down below,  
I have sent my love before me, I haste to follow now;

The shadows and the darkness have passed from off my soul,  
The glory and the brightness before my vision roll;  
I see the land of spirits, and also, the fairest of them all.

Is calling, loudly calling—I hasten to her call.  
My bitterest foes have fallen—they stand on yonder shore,  
Awaiting now my coming—their lord and master evermore.

Farewell to ye, my people—a long and last farewell;  
My deeds I leave behind me, for other tongues to tell."

Once more he rushed out to the rock, and casting himself off it, was dashed to pieces on the broken boulders below.

But not yet had Re-whare-wa gained his love.

Hoani, his uncle, refused to give up the girl. He, too, had become enamored of her, and resolved, now he had her in his possession, to keep her.

The poor girl, twice reared from a fearful death, sat disconsolate, and pined for Waitua, who was to her as her mother, and her well-loved Re-whare-wa.

Very jealously Hoani guarded her and watched her; but love is even quicker and stronger than jealousy itself, and one morning the girl was missing.

Hoani had that day, unfortunately for him, received a bottle of rum from a whaling ship, and not able to withstand the temptation, had drunk himself into a state of unconsciousness.

In the silence of the night the girl once more swam across the channel, undaunted by the dark night, rough sea, or prowling shark, and favored by fortune, reached Tepuna, Re-whare-wa's village, in safety.

The next morning, Hoani, taking with him some twenty or thirty of his young men, started to bring her back. They arrived at Tepuna, to find both the lovers were gone, whither none knew, or if knowing, would not tell.

Shortly afterward Waitua disappeared, and for years naught more was heard of any of the three.

Hoani had been dead some time, and the loves of Ata and Re-whare-wa were fast being forgotten, when one day a young chief of the Ngapuhi, having lost his way in the forest, whilst pigeon-shooting, after wandering about two days and one night, came upon a small clearing in the heart of the forest, on the banks of a small fresh-water stream.

Approaching it, he saw two whares (huts); entering one, he found a very old, white-haired woman, nursing an infant, and two or three older children playing about inside the hut.

Asking her name, he found it was Waitua, the mother of Re-whare-wa, and that here they had found shelter and a home. He staid until Re-whare-wa's and Ata's return from the forest, and next morning started back again, accompanied by Re-whare-wa, to his tribe.

Ahuareka, their grandchild, is at this present day the reigning beauty of the tribe of the Ngapuhis.

## INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT FIRE AT PORTLAND.

No one who has not witnessed the ruins of a great fire like that of Portland, can form any conception of the fearful dreariness and desolation it produces. It is a sad reflection that a simple spark of fire, dropped by the carelessness of a child, and caught up by the winds of heaven, should, in a single night, annihilate the labors of thousands of industrious and energetic men, working for twenty years in rearing pleasant homes and haunts of restless activity.

But fire does its work with terrible thoroughness, and what a few days ago was a beautiful, active, throbbing city, is now a desolate waste, a scarred, and scorched, and blackened monument of ruin.

The city was particularly cheerful, both by its location and by the character of its street architecture and ornaments. It occupies a peninsula which may be roughly described as a crescent-shaped valley lying between two hills. The rising ground to the south and west was the newest Portland, being mainly covered by handsome private houses, many of them of brown stone, almost all of them large, and either surrounded by pleasant gardens, or situated in streets beautifully overarched by avenues of the beautiful New England elm, that most graceful and noble of our American trees.

Below this western quarter stretches the valley above spoken of, which may be said to be divided longitudinally into two sections, the southern of which comprises the heavy wharfe and commercial business section of the city; while the northern, so far as occupied, is occupied by streets in which the lighter retail stores, the "shopping establishments" of the city, were established, together with the finest public buildings, such as the City Hall, the Custom House, the principal churches, the Natural History Society buildings, the Portland Athenaeum, and the fashionable hotels. Here, too, were situated the lawyers' offices and the banks, and through this section, this northernmost and easternmost section of the middle or valley district, it was that the ocean of flame was swept before a violent gale, literally abolishing almost everything in its path.

The fire broke out in a boat-builder's shop, situated on the extreme western edge of the valley, or middle district. When it had been raging for less than an hour, and the citizens hoped to confine its fury to a limited space near the water-side, shingles and sparks from the burning buildings were carried by the violent southwest wind a mile across the whole intervening space, and falling upon some four or five frame houses which stood on the heights to the north of the city, set fire to and consumed them. Twelve hours afterward these ruins marked the extreme actual limit of a conflagration which had devoured all that stood between them and the spot from which the flames had first burst forth! It was as if the demon had hurled a fiery arrow over the devoted city to set himself a mark at which he should aim.

The fire originated in the carelessness of a little boy, who threw a lighted fire-cracker into a cooper's shop. From this shop the flames were communicated to a vast sugar-house adjoining, and carried by the wind from spot to spot, until the whole city seemed an ocean of surging billows of fire and smoke.

No. 1 in our double-page illustration, designates the point where the conflagration began, and shows a portion of the charred walls of the sugar house still standing.

All efforts to arrest the destruction proved unavailing. It swept across the doomed city with irresistible fury, devouring everything in its course, until for want of material its force was spent. There was but

one trifling exception, the McAllister House, marked No. — in the illustration, was embowered in a dense and beautiful grove of trees, which did present a sufficient barrier to arrest the flames in that direction, while the barren hills opposite the house stood a wall of protection, because there was nothing on them to burn.

Great exigencies and dangers bring to view the best and worst phases of human nature. There are fiends and harpies who will take advantage even of the calamities of life, and while the great mass of the citizens were fighting the mad elements, and striving to secure life and property, these wretches provided about, plundering wherever they had an opportunity. And since the fire, hordes of villains have flocked to the smitten city, in the hope of securing spoils amid the general confusion. In consequence of this invasion, it became necessary to station guards at various points, and a company of United States regulars and another of marines were, detailed for this purpose.

On our front page there is a picture showing the National Bank placed under the protection of these troops; also, a view of the encampment of the destitute citizens whose homes were destroyed. The tents were furnished by order of the Secretary of War. As an illustration of the spirit of enterprise actuating the people of Portland, and a proof that they do not yield to despair, number 3 shows an enterprising tradesman resuming business among the ruins of his former store. And a similar determination is expressed by all the sufferers; so that, though crippled for a time, they will soon begin the work of restoring what the fire has destroyed, and in a few years a new Portland will arise from the ashes and wreck of the former city, more beautiful and attractive than the one destroyed. A deep sympathy has been manifested throughout the country for the sufferers by this calamity, and from all our principal cities contributions have been forwarded for the relief of the destitute.

Our Artist has grouped together a series of views, showing some of the most prominent scenes connected with this calamitous visitation, which give a clearer idea of the state of things than any description. To these illustrations we refer our readers rather than to a detailed account.

## A FACETIOUS ALDERMAN.

THE estimation in which our "City Fathers" are generally held is not very complimentary to those functionaries. They are believed to have a decided liking for creature comforts; to shape their legislation by the amount of gratification that, in some incomprehensible manner, find a way to their pockets; to be swayed by personal interests more than by a regard for the public welfare; in short, to be a body of respectable outlaws, who use their official position as a means of preying upon society generally. Such, however, is not the character of the Board in Newark, N. J. That city is highly favored. Its aldermen are models. They are learned, they are elegant, they are witty. They relieve the tedious routine of formal business by brilliant disquisitions on art and kindred matters, while frequent sallies of humor prove that they have maintained a conscious void of offense, and are always disposed to look on the bright side of life.

A few days ago a petition was presented to the Board, complaining of a steam whistle on a certain manufactory, and the whistles of the railroad engines, as nuisances. The petition was referred to a select committee, the chairman of which moved the following interesting and amusing report:

The Committee to whom was referred the petition of persons in Green street, respecting the steam whistle on Gould's manufacturing establishment on E. R. Avenue, together with the amendment, referring to the whistles on the engines belonging to the N. J. R. R. Co., and other unearthly noises in the neighborhood of the depot at Market street, would respectfully report:

Firstly—Whistles are of ancient origin, and have existed from time immemorial; and even before the inventions of man, thousands of little songsters have wasted the sweetness of their whistles on the desert air, and fierce winds have whistled their wild music through the grand old forests. The shepherd's pipe, of which poets have so often sung, is nothing but a whistle, and the notes of the organ, from the shrill tenor to the deepest bass, are only sounds of whistles. The twanging of the harp, the jarring of cymbals, rumbling of big drums, sound harsh in comparison with the soft, captivating notes of the whistle.

Secondly—The uses of whistles and whistling have never been, and perhaps never will be told. What is more attractive to a boy than the noise of a penny whistle, and how many pleasures are experienced from whistling! The cow-boy on his way home whistles a simple air, and whistling after getting out of the woods is of use. By whistling, the lover invites his sweetheart to meet him by moonlight alone, the huntsman calls his dog, and the boatswain pipes all hands; in fact, there are times when nearly every one by turns seems to get in a pucker.

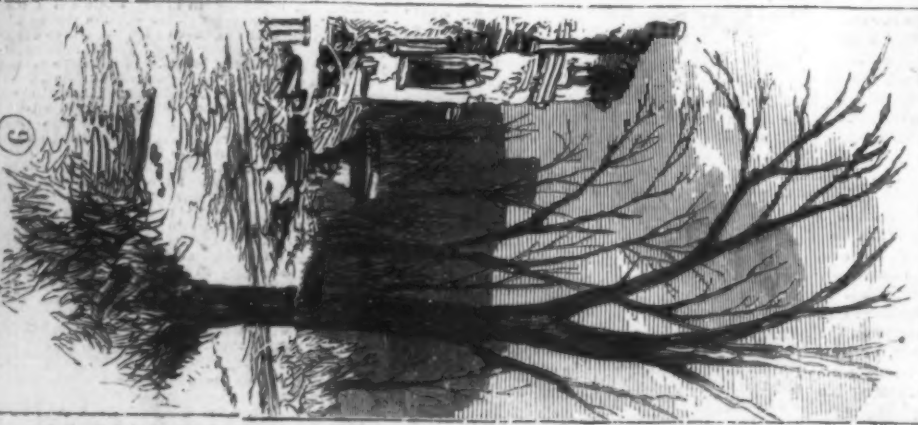
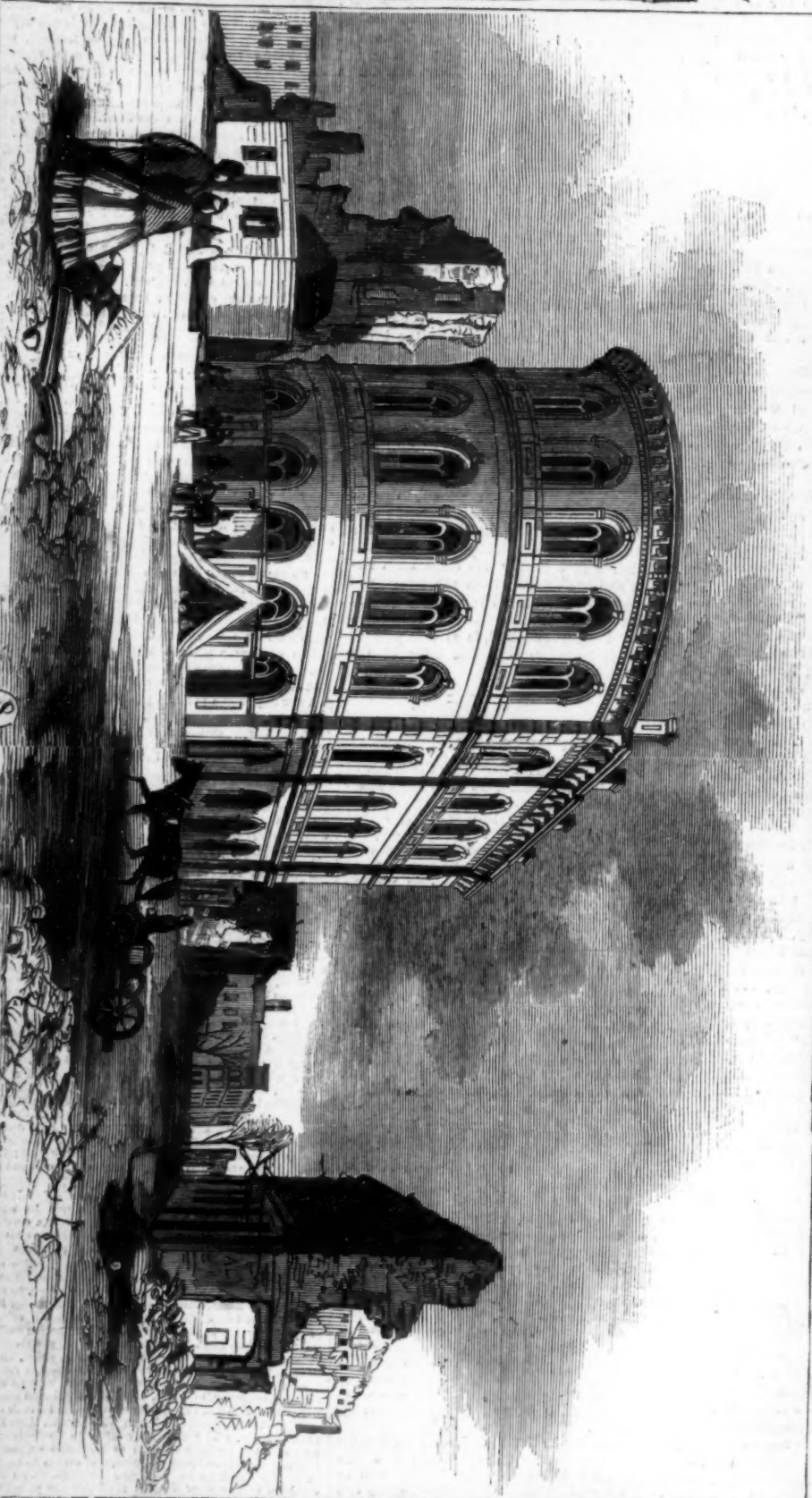
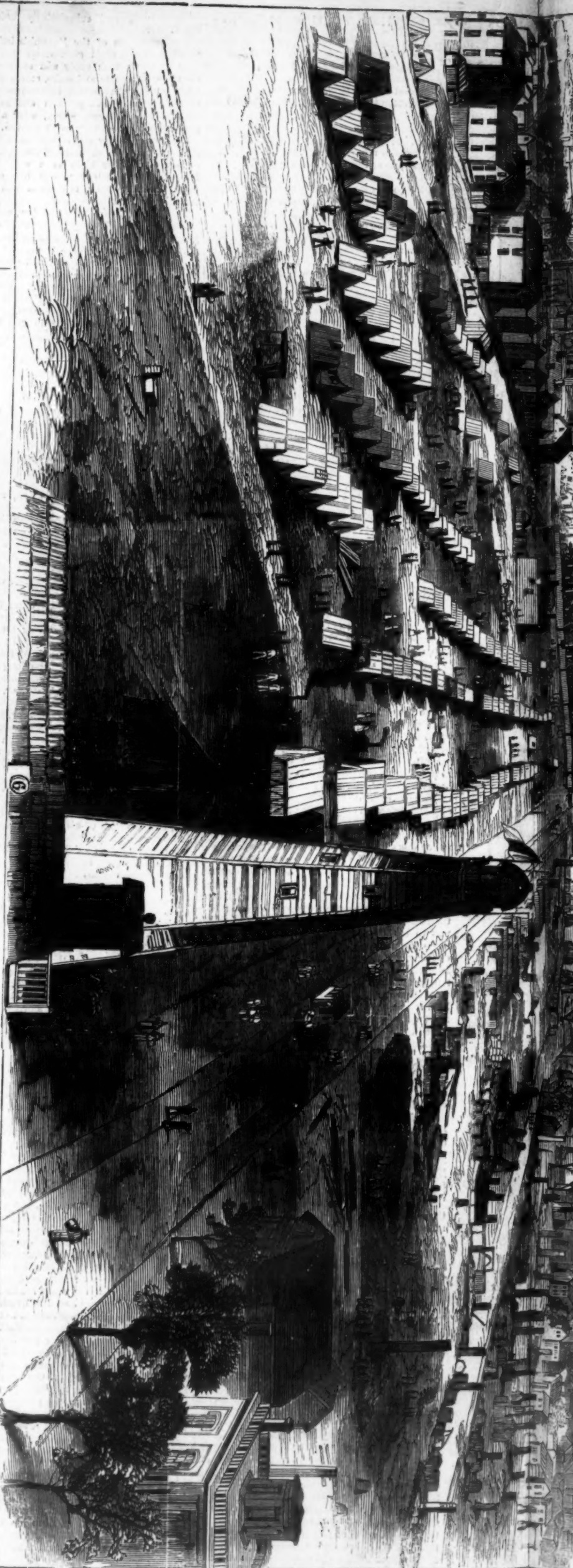
Thirdly—A whistle is not always of advantage. Look, for instance, how much it costs to wet our whistles, and then, what a task it is for a creditor to whistle for his pay. The wise Franklin also gives examples of many who pay too dear for their whistles.

Fourthly—Steam whistles, and especially the one on Gould's factory, are of modern invention. They are principally used to call the workmen to labor, to signify the close of labor, and to sound a note of alarm in case of fire. The one on Gould's factory is a rare specimen of art, and worthy of preservation. The precise nature of its sounds have not been as yet properly determined. It was made by one of our skillful mechanics, and this kind of whistle, with further improvements, is destined for a variety of uses. The inventor proposes to make a much larger one, and on a different key, to be placed in the bell-tower, not only to give the alarm in case of fire, but also to call those workmen who live in the extreme part of the city at the proper time to their labor. It will likewise be used instead of fog-bells on the coast, to warn vessels in thick weather, and one is to be placed at Sandy Hook to keep off the cholera. The engine whistles of the New Jersey Railroad are pleasant and entertaining, especially to highly cultivated musical minds. Those belonging to the engines that meet on the canal bridge at the foot of Market street excel in the lofty character of their tones. Your committee, not possessing musical ears, cannot appreciate the music as well as the engineers. Sometimes this music exerts a deleterious effect upon the nervous systems of elderly persons, and your committee have observed vibrating motions of the adjacent windows. The airs played upon these whistles are supposed to be foreign and require a considerable time to finish one tune, during which there is a general cessation of business, and your committee have learned that there is less feminine talk in that vicinity in this interval, and on this account they ought to be encouraged as a sanitary measure.

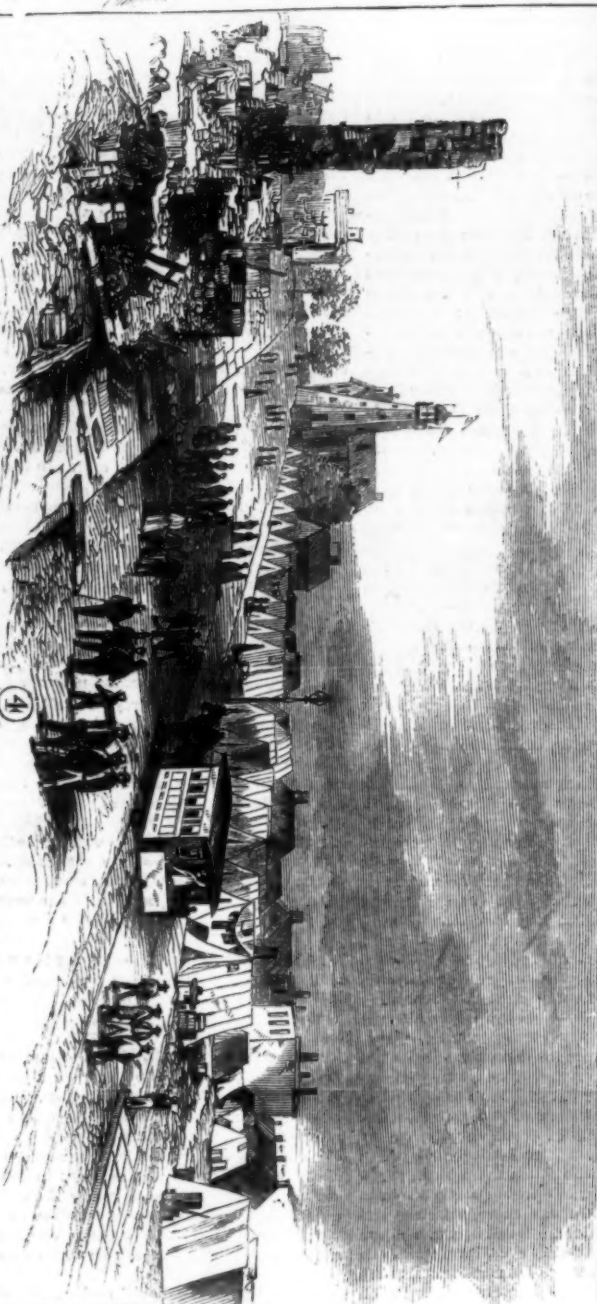
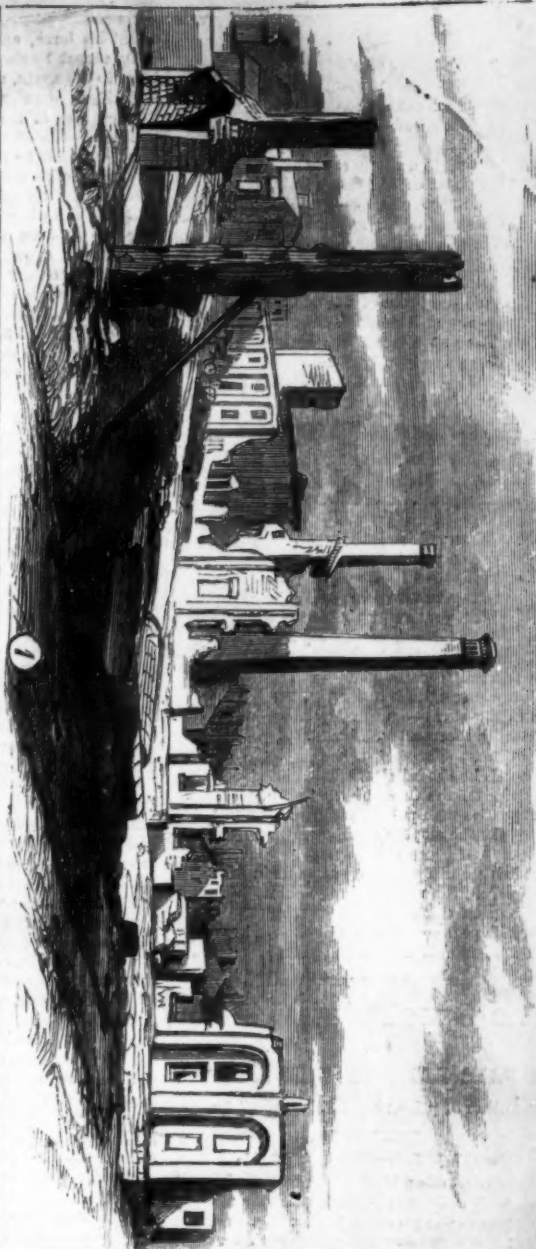
Fifthly—Your committee do not think it advisable for the city authorities to interfere with ordinary whistling, because this is the simplest mode of learning a tune, and it is also necessary in case a man should lose his dog. The big whistles, your committee think, should be changed to steam calliopes, to play the air of "Whistle and I'll come to you my Lad," or "Blow ye windy mornings, blow ye winds, heighho! Blow ye windy mornings, blow, blow, blow!"

All of which is respectfully submitted.

We believe such men can be trusted, and we wish our own "Fathers" would give a little play to gentle feelings, and let contracts and schemes for depicting the treasury occupy less of their time. We commend the example of the Newark Board to their serious attention.



1. The site of the Post Shop, where the fire commenced, and the ruins of Brewer's former home. 2. Merchant's home, on Washington and Oxford streets, where the fire was first observed. 3. A characteristic example of Yankee energy, "Resumption of business at the old stand," the morning after the fire. 4. Incumbent of the  
 5. A sketch from the burning of the ruins. 6. A view of the city and the harbor, from the Observatory on Munjoy's Hill. 7. Street scene in Portland previous to the great fire. 8. The U. S. Custom House and Post Office  
 9. The ruins of the city building in the background. 10. The ruined mansion and the charred ruins on Congress street.



necessity of the case, and were unwilling to risk the peril of a disembarkation, from which, as it

"You do not think I will desert you, Mr. Hepburn?" said the young man, frankly, as he

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT FIRE AT PORTLAND, MAINE, JULY 4TH AND 5TH.—FROM MEMOIRS BY JOHN STEPHEN LITTLE, ESQ. OF BOSTON, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY BART. CASE & CO. OR BOSTON.—JULY 7, 1856.

started with his last freight, and Raymond was watching his movements with wistful eyes.

"No, Richard, I do not. I can easily understand why I am not to see how those bundles of—"

"Gulls' feathers," interrupted the young man, smiling: "we cliff-fowlers make our living by collecting them, you know."

True to his promise, Richard Brock once more descended, bringing with him this time some rugs and blankets, as well as a further supply of provisions. At sight of these, Raymond looked by no means grateful.

"What!" cried he, "am I to stay in this place another night?"

"Ay, sir, and another and another, I fear, although no longer than I can help, I promise you. If I had been the sole owner of what was here just now, you should be free at once, for I know that I could trust to your honor, and besides, I owe your good lady a kind turn for what she did to my Phoebe in her sickness. But there are others who are deeply concerned in the matter—it's the best run we have had this many a year, and everything must be got well away before we risk letting you out. Even then—I'm speaking what others say, sir, and not my own thoughts—even then, you would do us a mort of mischief by telling about the *Martin's Nest*. It is the best place for stowage along the coast; and all the better for the little mischance as happened to poor Price down yonder. The blue jackets think the place uncanny, and shirk their night-watches upon the beacon in consequence. There's Walter Dickson up there now, holding on to this rope as quietly as though he was not sitting on the seat of a coast-guardman; though, indeed, if one should come, he has his answer ready: 'If one likes to go bird-fowling by night instead of by day, what's that to the custom-house? They will never trust themselves at a rope's end to see what I'm about—of that I'm certain. And, by-the-by, Mr. Hepburn, how in the name of the devil—for is he not called The Prince of the Powers of the Air in Holy Writ?—did you yourself chance to come here?'"

"I climbed down by yonder ledge," quoth Raymond, coolly.

"What! without a rope?" exclaimed the other, with a perceptible shudder: "that is not humanly possible!"

"Yet by that means, and no other, did I come hither, Richard, although not of my own free will, as you shall hear." Then Raymond narrated all the circumstances (so far as consisted with his assumed name of Hepburn) which had brought him into his present inconvenient plight. To the details of the attempted murder, his companion listened with not a little excitement and indignation; but in the description of the means by which the *Martin's Nest* had at last been reached, his interest was manifested even still more keenly.

"You are the king of us all, sir!" exclaimed the cliff-fowler, enthusiastically, when the tale was told. "There is not a man in Sandby who could have got here from the cliff-top as you did; no, nor ever was one, I believe, even when Walter Dickson was young. He it was, sir, who first discovered this place, and that in a very curious manner—one which I should have thought could scarcely have been equaled for strangeness, if I had not heard your story."

"And how was that?" inquired Raymond; not that he much cared to know, but because he began to feel a great repugnance in being left alone, and desired to retain his present companion with him as long as possible.

"Well, sir, it was when Dickson was quite a boy, about sixteen or so, and when Sandby was not so full of folk as it is now: there were scarcely any cliff-fowlers then, for there was a better trade than bird-nesting to take to, and all hands were wanted for it, so that the gulls had an easy life of it to what they have now, and were only plagued by the boys. Dickson and my father were playmates at that time, as they're workmates now, and have been so these thirty years and more; always together, shrimpin' and fishin', risking their necks about the cliffs with letting one another down by a bit of rope such as nobody but madcaps like them would have trusted themselves to. One day, while knocking about in a cove, which, I believe, had been pronounced unseaworthy by the rightful owner—in the Beacon Bay here—Dickson spies out this dark hole."

"What a lot of gulls' nests there ought to be in there!" says he.

"What a lot there are!" cries my father, whom I have heard tell this story about a hundred and forty times. 'What a lot there are, for I can see 'em!'"

"I wish we could get at 'em," continues Dickson.

"What's the good o' wishing?" answers my father. "Don't you see how the cliff hangs over? You might as well wish to get at the moon."

"No, mate," returns Dickson, gravely, "because you ain't got nowhere above the moon where you can stick a stake in with a rope tied round it, and lower yourself down hand over hand; let alone any stand-point such as yonder Down, where a chap could depend upon—like you, Brock—might stand and hold the rope, and shift it properly."

"You ain't a-goin' to try that, mate," says my father, firmly, "nor anything so foolhardy!"

"No, I'm not a-goin' to try it; I'm a-goin' to do it," returned Walter Dickson. "Why, think what must be in that ere hole, mate, in which never a fowler has yet put his fingers, I'll be bound; what feathers and skins, and oil and eggs! Why, I doubt whether even that last run, which your father (that's my grandfather, Mr. Hepburn) is never tired of talking about, will have brought more gnat to the mill. Only, not a word about it to any soul, mind. They'd make us promise not to try it; or, perhaps, it 'ud put it into somebody else's head to do the very same thing before us."

"You needn't be a bit afraid of that last, boy,"

answers my father, grimly enough; "and as for the first, I'm not one to blab and spoil sport; and if you're fixed upon it, why, I'm your man for anything. Only, you'll never use this rotten old cord for such a place as yon, where you'll have to swing right under—"

"No," replies Dickson, interrupting him sharply; "I'm not a fool, although you chose, just now, to call me one."

"I said 'fool-hardy,'" replied my father, positively, "and I say it again."

"Well, we'll see what you say to-morrow, when you haul me up from yonder hole—under the eave of the Down though it be, and for all the world like a *Martin's nest*—with my pockets full of fulmars. As for the rope, Lucy Prichard (and here my father says Dickson blushed, for Lucy was the young girl as he was courting then, and whom he afterward married) will lend me that fine one which was her mother's only marriage-portion, and has never been any good to her, because she has no son. Lucy has often begged me, if I must needs go fowling, to use that rope, and so I'll do it to-morrow, and to some purpose; and as for the stake, if you do not choose to hold me, lad, I will borrow an iron bar of the blacksmith; so you may please yourself."

"But when the morrow came, and found Walter Dickson on the Beacon Down, William Brock was there likewise; and when the other, who was too proud to ask his help, since it was not offered, had thrust the bar into the earth, and fixed the rope, then, says my father:

"And do you suppose as I'm goin' to let you risk your neck alone, mate? No, man, no. You and I are agoin' to see this ere *Martin's Nest* together; and if we miss it, why, even then we shall not be parted."

"Then Walter and he shook hands, for they was very fond of one another as boys, as they are now, although they have their tiffs. 'Just as you like,' says he; 'the rope is strong enough for ten such as we, and the bar won't break.'"

"Then, instead of tying the hide round their bodies—as I and all sensible cliff-fowlers do—these mad boys lowered themselves slowly down, merely holding it in their hands; and work enough they had, when they got opposite this place, to swing themselves into it, as you may guess, when there was nobody within it to help them in as you helped me. Moreover, my father says that the birds flew out upon them in hundreds—just as in the big print we've got stuck up at home of the opening of the doors of the Ark—and beat them with their wings, not that the poor timorous creatures showed any fight, but by reason of their excessive numbers. At last the two boys swung themselves sufficiently far within to obtain foothold, and my father instantly began to lay his hands on all with life that had not yet flown away."

"Quick, quick!" exclaimed he; and Dickson, seeing how much he needed help, and what great spoil there was ran toward him eagerly.

"The next instant both cried out together.

"The rope!" "The rope!"

"But the recollection of it came too late! My father had forgotten it at first, and now in his excitement Walter also let it go. So there it swung, now near, now far, but already too far to be reached, and coming with every swing less and less near. At last it hung quite still, about five feet or so beyond the entrance; and it will give you some notion of the extraordinary feat that you, sir, have accomplished in arriving here, that neither of the boys, though cliff-fowlers born, dared venture out upon yonder sloping ledge, and so approach the rope by your own road. If they had done so, however, it would even then have been beyond their reach."

"They were as completely trapped as any guillemot they had ever caught in spring. It might be days, as they well knew, before anybody discovered the bar upon the Down above, and if that happened, he who found it would probably draw up the rope, and finding nothing, would conceive that he who had left it there must needs have fallen into the sea. It was quite impossible to make their voices heard upon the cliff-top, and the *Martin's Nest* was unknown to all except themselves. Their only hope, like yours, lay in attracting the notice of some one on shipboard; but they had no large sail-cloth, such as you found here—nothing except their own clothes, which could not be seen save at a very little distance."

"The two boys looked at one another ruefully enough, each thinking of his home and friends, but Walter of his Lucy also, and of how she would reproach herself for having been the innocent means of his destruction, through lending him that fatal rope."

"Dickson was the first to speak."

"Robert," said he, "we are in a bad plight here, and if matters are to be mended, we must mend them ourselves. It is no use waiting here to be starved to death, or to be so weakened by hunger that we can do nothing that requires strength and courage. One of us must jump out at that rope, and take our chance of catching hold of it."

"My father says he never felt his blood run so cold in all his life as when he heard these words. But nevertheless he clearly saw the necessity of what the other proposed."

"I am ready, Walter," says he, simply; "and I think I am the lissomer of the two, and had better try first."

"Not so," says Dickson; "I brought you into this peril, and I must get you out of it. If I miss it, then it will be time enough for you to take your chance; and God send you better fortune!"

"Thank you, mate, replies my father, sturdily; 'but I'd rather die like a brave man, than survive you upon such terms as these. We'll jump together, if you please; but you won't jump before me, that's certain.'"

"As for jumping together," says Walter Dickson, very vexed, "that would only be another

name for falling together; but since I know what a cruel obstinate chap you are, I'll consent to draw lots. Now, look you, here are two feathers, a black and a white; now I put my hands behind me, and if you guess which feather I hold in my right hand, then you shall jump first; if not—"

"No, no," interrupted my father, sharply; "I won't trust you, Walter; your heart is too kind to be honest in a matter like this. I myself will throw the feathers into the air, and whichever passes the ledge first shall decide the question; if the black one falls the quicker, I jump—if the white one, you."

"So be it, Will, if you will have it so," returned Dickson.

"The air was very calm and still that day, and the feathers were a long time descending from the height to which my father threw them. The two boys watched them with straining eyes, now poised, now quivering, now slowly sink, now caught in little eddies, until at last they reached the ledge, the white one first."

"I am glad of that," said Dickson, quietly; "for otherwise I should have jumped from where I stand, and it is better to have a run. Look here, Robert; I don't want to blubber about such things now, when all depends upon a clear sight, but if I—if I miss the rope, and you get home again all right, as I trust you will, you'll give my love to mother, and father, and Lucy, and tell them—But there, that's enough. God bless you, mate, if we don't happen to meet again just yet. Stand clear there. One—two—three!"

"As he said these words, he leapt out at the rope with a great spring, and my father hid his face; nor did he look up again, nor know what was happening—being in a sort of swoon-like—until he felt Walter Dickson fastening the hide about his waist, and bidding him cheer up and fill his pockets. And that's the true story of how the *Martin's Nest* was first found out."

"And he that was the brave boy you speak of—Walter Dickson—is now awaiting you upon the Down, above us, is he?"

"The very man, sir, and as brave as ever, only a good deal stiffer in the joints. Nevertheless, he would have visited you here himself, if nobody else could have been got to do it; for Mrs. Hepburn has been very good to his old woman—she that was Lucy Prichard once, and who owns this rope, which is the same I have been talking of all this time—as she was to my poor Phoebe in the fever."

"Then, being both so brave and grateful," pleaded Raymond, "will you not trust to my honor not to betray the secret of the *Martin's Nest*?"

"Ay, that we would, sir, if the matter concerned us only. But we have passed our word to keep you prisoner here till the goods removed this night have been disposed of, and that will take some time."

"At least you will let my poor wife know that I am safe; or else, when I do not return to-morrow, she is sure to think I have come to grievous harm."

"Well, sir," answered the young man, frankly, "we will do our best, Dickson and I; but no woman has ever yet been let into this secret, any more than if it was the Freemason's. I dare not trust to Phoebe. However, you may depend upon us two, sir. Do not fret, and I shall be with you again to-morrow night at furthest."

"And you will have seen my wife and child?" said Raymond.

"I hope so," answered the young man, evasively; for he knew that Milly had been carried away, although he thought it better not to harrow the father's heart by such sad news, while thus compelled to inaction and captivity. But he kept his promise, and so worked upon his father, with the help of Dickson, that the old man at last gave permission that Mrs. Hepburn should be informed, under a strict oath of secrecy, that her husband was alive and in safe hands. It was this glad news which Walter Dickson came to impart that evening when he found Mrs. Carey at Pampas Cottage, and the revelation of which sent Mildred back, as we have seen, from the bedside of his 'old woman' with such a lightened heart. Upon the other hand, through their prisoner, the free-traders became cognizant of the villainy of the man called Stevens, and exhibited it, with reference to the burial of his body, in the manner described. Still, they were much averse to set Raymond free, fearing that the secret must needs ooze out if they did so, and jealous of his intimacy with the people at Lucky Bay. Mildred and her husband, however, were permitted to correspond by letter—subject to a Sir James Graham's inspection of the correspondence—and it was with Raymond's full consent that Mrs. Hepburn undertook the expedition to Cliffe Hall in search of her lost Milly. The smugglers, too, were not displeased at an opportunity of giving the captive his liberty, which also insured his absence from the neighborhood; so a few hours after Mildred's departure, his faithful friend and visitor, young Richard Brock, swung himself as usual into Raymond's (by this time tolerably furnished) lodgings, with the long-wished-for information that the rope was ready to carry double."

So Raymond had followed his wife post-haste, to Cliffe, and now met her, as they had agreed upon, in the heart of Bibble, for the first time since Gideon Carr had striven so hard to part them for ever.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.—MET TO PART.

"But what is it you propose to do at Cliffe, love?" asked Mildred of her husband, when he had finished narrating his strange experiences of the last few days, and had received her own in turn. "Why should we not at once depart, now that we have our Milly safe and well? I cannot bear a second separation from you, Ray—indeed, indeed, I cannot—and yet I feel that that is what you have in your mind."

"We will not be separated, dearest," answered Raymond, smoothing her dark tresses with his loving hand. "I will be near you to watch over you; you will meet me here every day. But I have a duty to perform in my father's house, which I have too long neglected; I must protect the helpless, and I must punish the guilty."

Very stern and grave was Raymond's voice as he spoke these words, and Mildred trembled to hear it, because she knew what iron resolve that tone expressed. Her husband, so simple, so generous, so open, was about to match himself against the wily Grace.

"Yes," continued he, "I have been selfishly content with my own lot too long. I have suf-

fered my father's son, my only brother, to remain in wicked hands—flattered by false hopes, terrified by false fears—and have never lifted finger to set him free from a captivity worse than that from which I have myself but now escaped. True, I have not wronged him; but when I look upon you, my own, my love, I feel pity for him who coveted such a priceless treasure in vain."

"Raymond," answered Mildred, hastily, "you do not know how sadly Rupert is changed."

"Yes, dear, I know it. The Curse has fallen—alas! poor Rue, poor Rue!" Raymond turned away his face, and was silent for a little, ere he resumed. "I must act for him, therefore, and not with him, as I had hoped to do. For some base purpose of her own, this woman, who would imprison him at the Dene without a scruple, seeks to make him appear sane. In a few days I can collect evidence hereabouts to prove him otherwise. Then he will be removed from her and hers, and put in some fit place, and receive careful attendance, from which may come—who knows?—improvement, cure."

Mildred shook her head.

"At all events," continued her husband, "he shall remain no more with one who only uses him for her own ends. With her, too—a murderer in intention—I have my own account to settle. This letter, in her own handwriting—'When you have made sure of R,' writes she—was found on the dead body of her brother. I will tell her this to her false face: 'That were it not she was once my father's wife—'"

"No, no," cried Mildred, passionately; "defy her not, dear husband; let her be. You will fall into her toils yourself."

"I must take my chance of that, wife," answered Raymond, cheerfully; "but since you fear this woman thus, Mildred, I will remove you at once from out of her reach. With the Careys, you and the child will be safe alike from force or fraud; and when my work here is finished—"

"No, Raymond," cried Mildred, firmly, "if we are to be parted from you, I should feel safer here, in the very hold of our enemy, than in any place where, as before, she might suddenly swoop down upon us. The expectation of the peril would be worse than the peril itself. With thee without, and our unknown friend, whoever that may be, within, I shall not feel unprotected; besides, for a week, at least, I am safe, for until then I shall not have served this woman's turn."

"Moreover," answered Raymond, "within a week I shall have obtained all that I need in the way of information, as well, I hope, as struck a blow at this evil woman, who is even now, as I have cause to suspect, bringing her base designs to some completion. Nay, do not tremble, my sweet love. How strange it is that you, who are so brave against all else, should be such a coward with respect to Grace Clifford!"

"I do not fear, dear Raymond—indeed, indeed I do not for myself, no, nor yet for Milly; while she is in my arms, at least, she seems to be safe, and knowing that I have her to guard, I meet my aunt as the sheep-dog meets the wolf—but it is for thee, Raymond, for thee I tremble."

"You doubt that I have wits to cope with cunning Grace," returned Raymond, smiling. "Well, that is true, enough. Still, there is something of advantage in an honest cause, and something, too, in this—that the woman deems me dead. She that plays tricks with shrouds, and acts the sacrilegious part of a lost spirit, may yet not be without her own superstitions, Mildred."

"Then why be seen?" urged Mildred. "If you trust for anything to Grace's ignorance—and, oh, beware how you build on that foundation—why show yourself, and run the risk of being recognized? Would Aunt Grace easily credit that it is your ghost which haunts the place, or would it not rather put her on her guard to sift the truth of the story of your death?"

"You are wise and prudent, dear Mildred; but you do not remember that I left Cliffe a smooth-faced boy, having scarcely used a razor till I married; while, since I have been imprisoned under Beacon Down, I have become bearded like the pard. Moreover, in the daytime, no one is stirring now about the park, whether from the Hall or the village; and when evening comes I retire to the *Spotted Cow*, beyond the turnpike, where, in return for looking over the contents of my portfolio, the guidman and his wife entertain me with the country gossip, and all the history of the poor mad squire. They would as soon think of finding a likeness for me to the cow upon their signboard as to Raymond Clifford."

"Why, the very dog, Rufus, knew you; and I knew you, Raymond."

"Yes, the dog and you," interrupted her husband, smiling upon her, fondly, "for love and instinct are equally lynx-eyed; but, trust me, no one else shall recognize me. And now, dearest, for the present, we must part, lest this attendant of yours become impatient, or even grow suspicious. You see that it is I that am the prudent one. Every day at this same time I shall be within this chamber, having always *Finis Hall* to take to if any ferret shall invade the burrow. If you do not come, I shall conclude you cannot. In the meantime, do not fear. Within the week, or in less time, I hope to discover enough to put a spoke in Madame Clifford's wheel that shall mar the smoothness of its running."

With dire forebodings, which, however, she did not express, Mildred held up her child to meet its father's kiss; then turned toward him her own obedient cheek, unstained by tear, and made him a loving farewell. Darker and darker grew his form with every footstep that she took with torch in hand, and once she could not forbear from running back and kissing him once more; but at last she tore herself away, and hurried forth to Lucy.

"I am afraid I have been very selfish, and made you wait very long," said Mildred, sweetly.

"It did not seem so, madam, I assure you," replied her attendant. "It is my duty to await your pleasure; and, besides, my brother, here, has kept me company."

William Cator, who was standing a little behind his sister, leaning upon a gun, regarded his mistress's truant niece with no very friendly eyes.

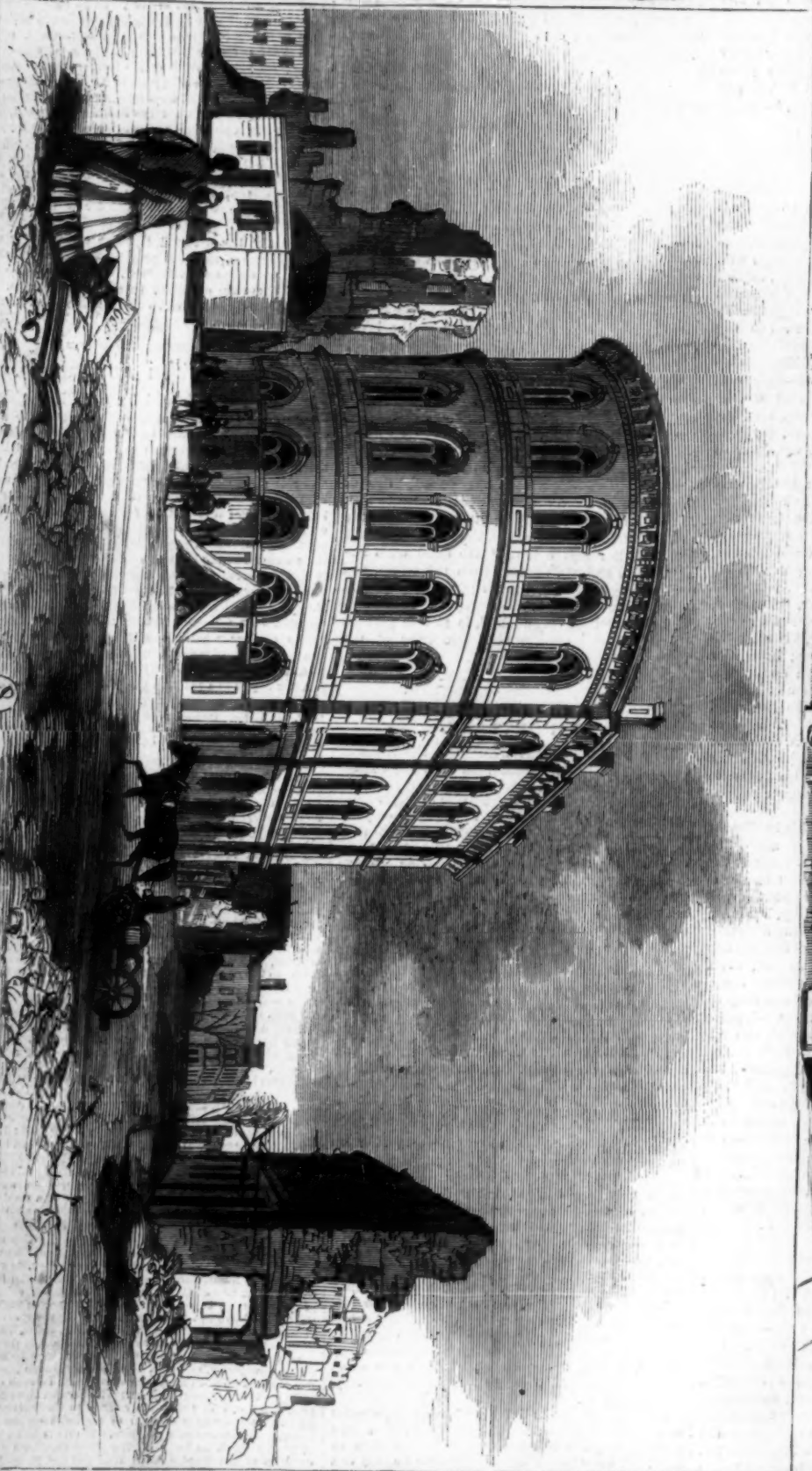
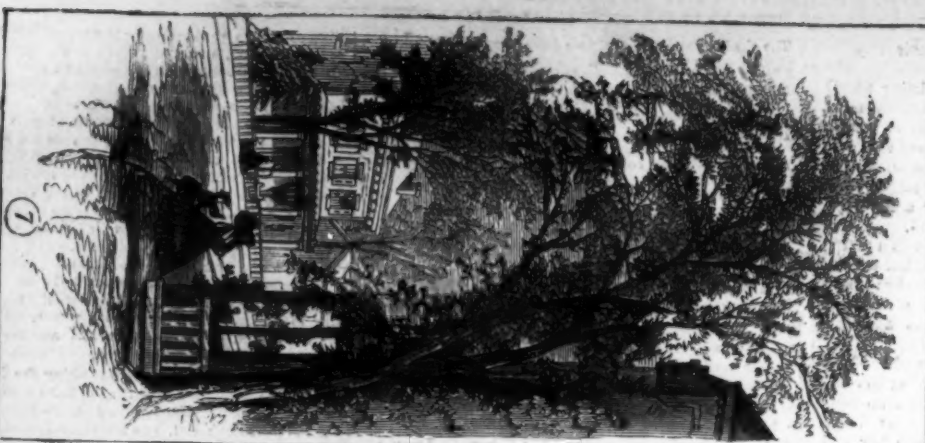
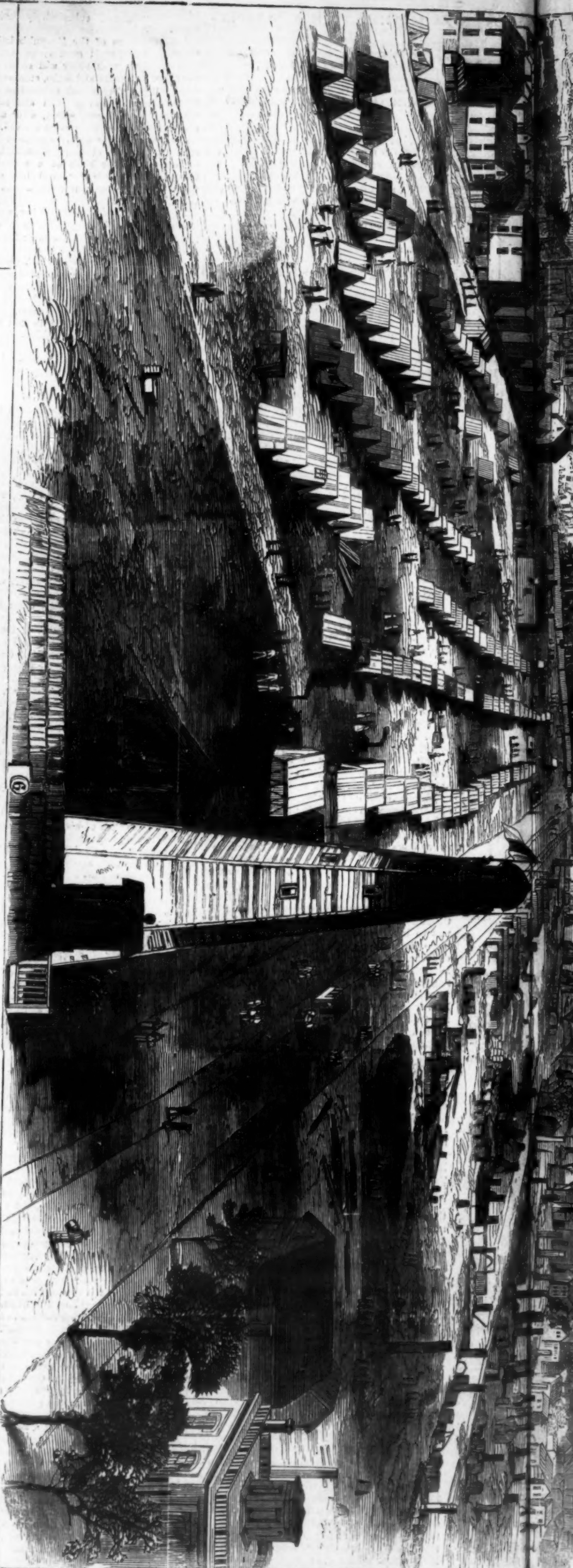
"I am afraid I frightened you, miss—that is, madam," said he, gruffly.

"Yes," returned Mildred, with a steady voice, "I am always frightened at firearms. Please to carry it carefully as we go back."

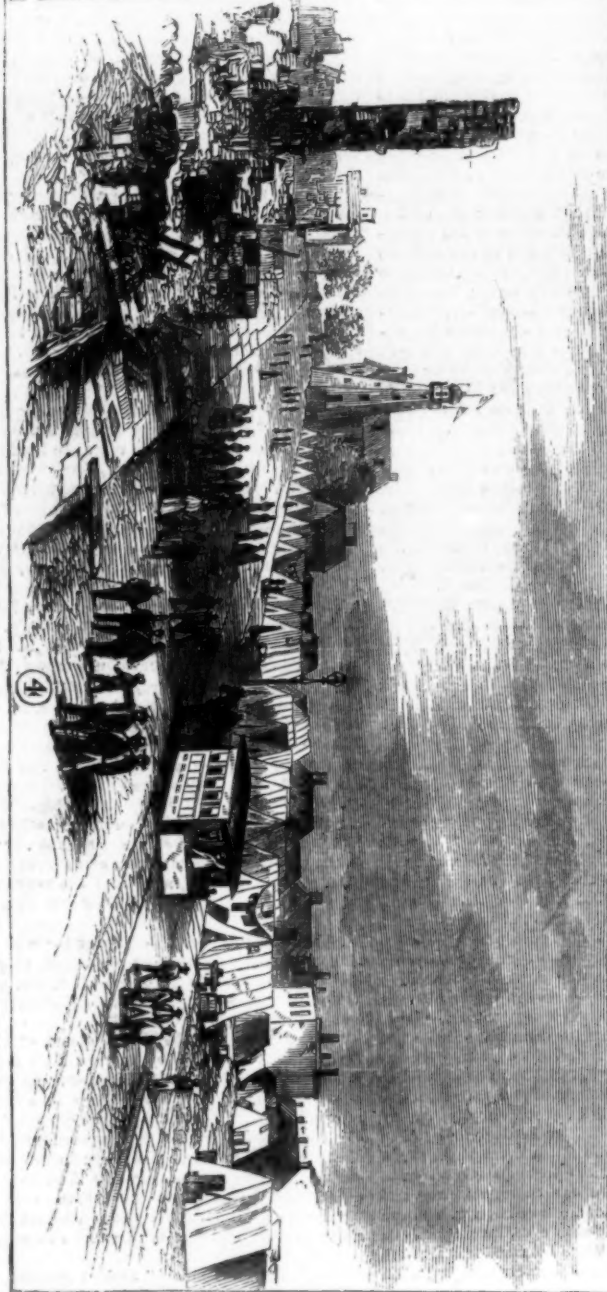
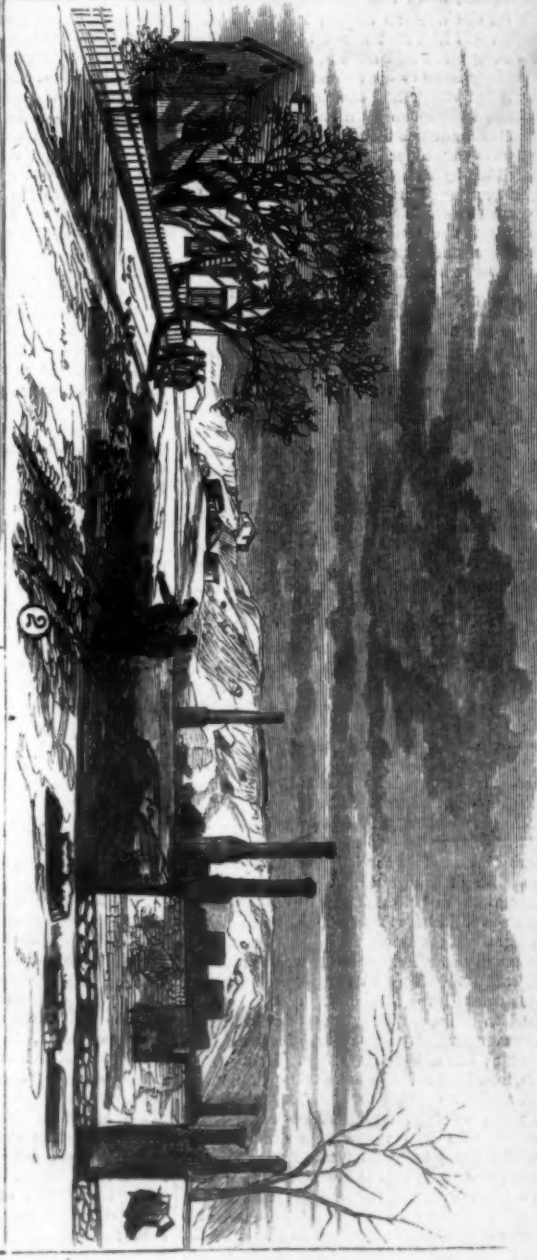
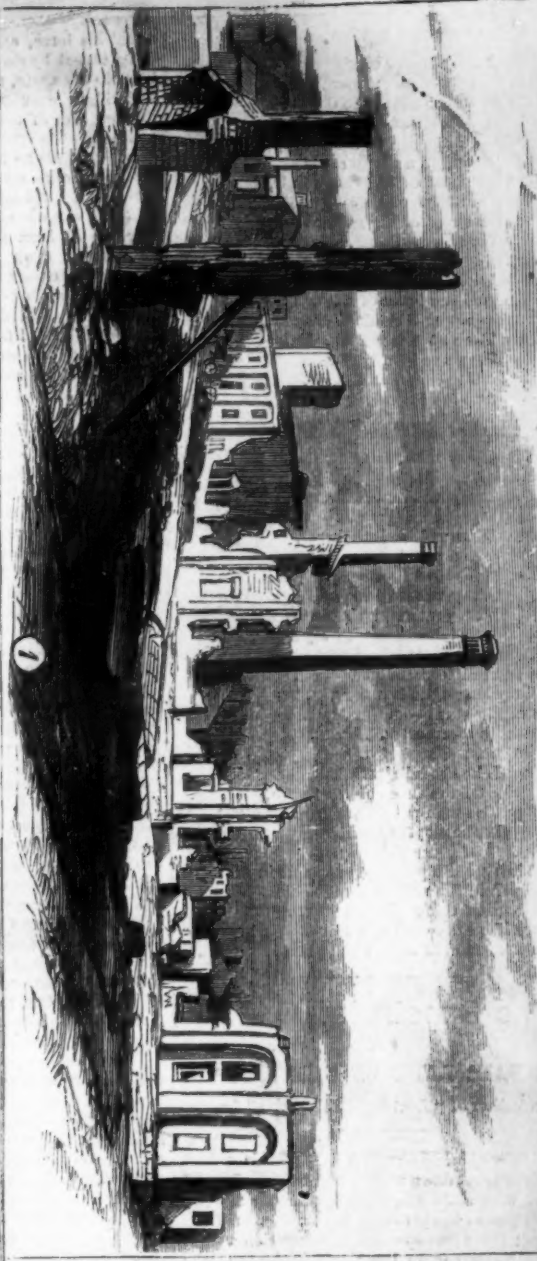
"I ain't agoing back, ma'am," replied the other, with an unpleasant grin. "There's nothing to do at the Hall, and I can't sleep in the sunlight, like the other folks; so I'm out for a day's pleasure."

"What is your brother going to shoot?" asked Mildred, with a beating heart, of Lucy, as they reentered the park.

"Oh, nothing as I knows of, madam; he is no sportsman. He was waiting for you to leave the cave, because he wants to go in there himself to fire the gun off, and try the effect of the echoes. I wonder whether we shall hear them?"



1. The site of the Post Shop, where the fire commenced, and the ruins of Brown's Gunpowder House. 2. McAllister's house, on Washington and Oxford streets, where the fire was finally checked. 3. A characteristic example of Yankee energy, "Reconstruction of business at the old stand," the morning after the fire. 4. Re-arrangement of the debris. 5. A sketch from life among the ruins, "The Pride of the Family." 6. General view of Portland city and harbor, showing the city buildings in the background. 7. The ruins of the city buildings in the background. 8. The U. S. Custom House and Fort Oldis. 9. The U. S. Custom House and Fort Oldis.



## ISADORE.

Like a billow of sheen,  
Of the aureal mouth  
Of the river that floods the day—  
Like a sheaf of the sheen  
Of the sun of the south,  
Bound in a single ray—  
Shines the sheaf of thy yellow hair,  
Bound in a fillet of gold—  
Shines the sheaf of thy radiant hair,  
Bound in an aureal fold.

When we whisper alone,  
And the gates of the sun  
The satin-slipper'd shadows shut and bar,  
Then each tremulous soul  
Seems to giddily roll  
To the top of delight,  
And to dizzily loll,  
Half afraid of the height,  
Like a pallid and pendulous star,  
As it giddily rolls from its lair;  
Like a timid and tremulous star,  
As it dizzily lolls on the air.

When red is all the west,  
And pallid stars arise,  
And satin shadows half eclipse  
Thy violet vernal eyes,  
With youth's full-bodied zest,  
And drunken with thy sighs,  
On thine odorous, vermeil lips—  
Ripe and red as granadilla—  
All my longing lolls and rests,  
And I drift—drift—on the Soylla  
Of those marmorean breasts.

Like the lullaby light  
Of the Cross of the South,  
That purples with pearl the purple of night,  
Is the sibyllic spell  
Of those violet eyes,  
That hushes the passion that pants in me:  
And the voice from the shell  
Of thine odorous mouth  
Comes like the sound of a star-soothed sea—  
Like the sound of a pure and passionless sea.

## The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

## THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &amp;c. &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE SAUCY SAIL.

WITH the first dawn of morning, Raymond swept the sea with a little spy-glass, which he had put into his pocket the previous day for the use of Mr. Stevens; there was one stately vessel visible that had just started upon the broad highway of the Atlantic for the Western World; but the instrument which told him that much, by showing him the streaming stars and stripes, could bring the ship no nearer, save to his vision! The wind had partially lulled which had hurried the clouds in flocks athwart the moon all night, and the huge three-master made but little way; it was agony to the captive to watch her lessening hull, her masts dwindling inch by inch to a mere stick of canvas, then sinking altogether out of sight; and yet he well knew that though he had caught sight of her from the first, she could not have come within distance, by a mile, for any signal of his to be discerned, far less attended to.

A few hours later, but still very early in the morning, the Preventive boat from Marmouth passed on its way to Lucky Bay; but it, too, gave the outlying rocks and reefs so wide a berth, that all his signs and cries were unavailing. He had made bold to strip one of the precious bales of its sailcloth covering, to flutter flag-wise at the mouth of the cave; but at the distance which the cutter kept, it could have shown no larger than an albatross's wing. Moreover, unlike one placed upon the Down, or even on the beach, he was in a position where no mortal would think of looking for a human creature, or of taking any sign as made by man. Foot by foot, the cutter slowly drew away, for the wind was not in her favor, and tacked and tacked, though never near the shore, till presently the headland cut her off.

Neither food nor drink had Raymond taken for twelve hours, yet the fever of his blood ran high; and like a wild beast in his lair, he paced his narrow prison, feeling desire for nothing save to be free. The day drew on, and with it drew the fatal time when Gideon was to put his murderous design into execution. The tide was almost at its lowest, which was the only period at which the Mermaid Cavern could be reached, and which Raymond himself had bidden his wife remember, appointing as it were with his own breath the hour of her doom.

He was about to lose the beloved partner of his life, the wife of his youth, still beautiful as a bride, the mother of his innocent child—nay, and that helpless child herself as well—at the hands of one already a murderer in intent, and whom neither beauty nor helplessness would move a hair's-breadth from his cruel purpose. Thoughts like these would have been enough to drive some men mad in a like position, or to tempt them to end such mental agony by one leap forth into the viewless air; but not so Raymond. If he could not save, he might still live to be avenged. Sooner or later, surely he would escape from his living grave; then, wifeless, childless, he would track the wretch who had made him desolate—ay, though the pursuit should lead him half round the world; and then, face to face, the victim risen from the tomb to confront his murderer—then, for a few brief minutes, he would taste of that nearest approach to joy which would then be left to him—revenge! Foot to foot, hand to hand—and, better, without a weapon, for so the thing would last the longer—how he would woo that ruffian to the combat, and bear him backward with tarry but

relentless force, and squeeze the life out of his lying throat by slow degrees! He should come twice to life again, and die three times: once for himself, in payment for the time when Gideon mocked him in the very jaws of seeming death; and once—the husband's breath came quick and short the while he thought upon it—once for Milledred; and once again for the child; and then his dark soul should wing its way to hell. Raymond Clifford's veins swelled into knots, and his fingers dug into the flesh of his clinched hands the while he thought upon his great revenge. He had never been so near the fate of his race before, as when he brooded over that grim picture; the curse of the Cliffords almost came upon him. But as though he had felt that it was nigh, and knew that if it fell he would be powerless for the work of retribution, he beat it back as it were by force, and compelled his mind into other channels. He made it count the puffs as they stood in single file upon the ledges beneath, and mark how often the green-eyed haggard cormorant dived within the hour, and how long remained before he emerged from under water with dragged wing.

Toward noon, something occurred, however, which of itself demanded his attention. The little revenue-cutter once more rounded the point upon its return voyage to Marmouth. He forgot at the moment the arrangement which had been made by Lieutenant Carey for the transportation of Stevens to Mermaid Bay, and it was with a great cry of fury that through his glass he discerned the form, although not the features of his enemy. The boat this time seemed coming in quite close to shore, so near that his signals could not fail to be observed, and Raymond's heart had begun to beat with hope as well as passion, when suddenly her course was turned to seaward, and she made for the outlying pillar of chalk which was called the Dutchman. This change of tack at first originated in a natural disinclination on the part of Gideon Carr to approach the scene of his yesterday's crime, where the tide might by chance have left some ghastly evidence of it, or even the white cliff presented some damning stain; but as he continued to scan the spot through the boat-swin's glass, he caught sight of Raymond's signal, which for the moment struck icy terror to his soul, and produced the change which we have already described to have occurred in him; and finding the boatswain importunate for the possession of the glass, he purposely dropped it into the sea, although, even through it, it is doubtful whether any other eye but his own could have perceived that which had so moved him. Nay, after a little thought, Gideon almost convinced himself that what he imagined he had beheld was merely the effect of morbid fancy; and as the cutter drew further and further from the land, so his wicked conscience grew less disturbed.

Then came the incident of Walter Dickson's craft being seen running close in-shore toward Sandby, and at once all his fears returned. If, by any miracle, Raymond Clifford was really yet alive, and what he had seen had indeed been a signal of his supposed victim, intended as a demand for help, those on board the smuggling vessel could not fail presently to see it; hence Mr. Stevens's passionate attempt to induce the crew of the revenue-cutter to arrest Dickson's course. We know that that appeal was futile, and how the cutter kept on her way, and carried Gideon Carr to his righteous doom in Mermaid Bay; but Raymond only knew that so far, at least, the murderer's plans had been successful, and that probably within that very hour both wife and child would perish through his cursed guile, choked by the pitiless tide. No mental torture could have been contrived by tyrant of old more poignant than that he was doomed to feel when he beheld in the far distance the cutter with its hateful burden at last standing in for the land. Scarcely, however, had he done so, when what should come swirling round the eastern promontory, through a passage, thought to be somewhat dangerous, between the mainland and a cluster of out-lying fragments of it called "the Stark," but the lugger of Mr. Walter Dickson, so close to the cliffs that one who stood upon the Beacon Down might have almost tossed a biscuit on to her slanting deck. On she came, noiseless and swift as a white phantom, steered by Mr. Dickson himself, who, with half-abund eyes, lay dreamily in the stern-sheets, as though his slender craft were in no more danger than if she were coasting upon Ullswater.

"They're allus out upon some fool's errand or other," observed young Richard Brock, who, with two others, made up the crew of the lugger, in continuation of some remarks called forth by their meeting with the revenue boat. "If they had been off Mermaid Bay three nights ago, instead of now, they might ha' done a good stroke o' business."

"They would not have got it cheap, whatever they got," answered his father, from the bow-thwart, removing his pipe from his mouth, in order to give due emphasis to an imprecation. "Fifteen hundred pound worth of shawls and laces—where the devil are you steering us to, Walter? Port, man, port, or we shall be on Gull's Castle!" And, indeed, so near to the out-lying chalk-rock of that name did the lugger pass, that as the old seaman gave his warning, he also kicked off his shoes in readiness for a swim.

"Look, mate, look!" cried Walter Dickson, scarcely conscious of the danger they had so narrowly escaped; "there's somebody in the *Martin's Nest*."

The sensation which this exclamation produced upon the crew of the lugger was most extraordinary; they did not indeed start from their seats, as landmen would have done, but each uttered a hasty ejaculation of wrath and wonder, as his looks followed the direction of the steersman's eyes to where Raymond could be plainly seen flitting his signal, and gesticulating with the utmost vehemence. He was calling to them, too, at the top of his voice, and adjuring them to return at once to Mermaid Bay, and save his wife

and child; but the distance was too great, and the wind too violent, to suffer them to catch a word he said, although they guessed by his motions that he was endeavoring to make himself heard.

"Who is it?" cried old Will Brock, savagely. "What cursed fool can have risked going there in daylight, and without leave or license, too, from those who have the best right to give it?"

"It ain't one of our folks at all," answered his son, shading his eyes with his hand, as he scanned the shining cliff; "it's Mr. Raymond Hopburn, of the Cottage."

"The worse for him," muttered the old man, furiously. "Is there not a gun in the boat? Pass it here, boy. I am going to shoot a razor-bill—that is all."

"No, no; none of that," interposed Dickson; "we should only make bad worse by anything of that sort."

"Fifteen hundred pound worth of shawls and laces," exclaimed the other, with passion; "the best run I ever made in my life; and all that you and I and the rest of us have in the world! Are you going to risk all that, Walter Dickson, for a friend of their blasted blue jackets? Give me the gun, I say."

"No, Will; you shall not do murder—nor even attempt it, for that fowling-piece would not carry half the distance. 'Tis clear that this man has not been seen by anybody as yet, or he would not be playing such frantic tricks yonder, in order to let us know he was there. How he ever got into the *Martin's Nest*, I know not; but he is evidently alone. We have only him to deal with in the matter, and if we can keep him quiet—"

"There is only one way that makes all safe," interrupted the old man, gloomily. "Why, he will get half that's there for merely saying it is there."

"Nay, nay; Mr. Hopburn is a gentleman, and his wife has been good to my old woman," answered Dickson, warmly; "and you have been my mate, Will, for these thirty years, and one of whom I should be sorry to have to say: 'That man was hanged for murder.' I have as large a stake in yonder goods as any man here, and should be equally loth to lose it; but there is blood enough on that Beacon Cliff already."

"Only a coast-guardman," muttered one of the crew who had not yet spoken.

"Very true, Elliot," returned Dickson, quietly; "although, let me tell you, it does not become one of your stock to talk like that. In the heat of a fight, one may chance to get blood upon one's hands, and hardly know how it came there. But pushing folks over precipices—ay, you may frown and swear, too, for all I care—or shooting them in cold blood, while they're asking us for help, like this one—such things are not to my taste, nor do I believe that good can come of them."

"Then what do you propose to do, Master Clear-conscience?" inquired Brock, sullenly. "Is Lieutenant Carey and his friend, this Mr. Hopburn, to go shares together in our property?"

A hoarse murmur of rage and dissatisfaction came from the throats of the two sailors, who had themselves no little interest in the proceeds of the late "run," and whom this reference to the intimacy between the commander of the coast-guard and the present subject of conversation excited to fury.

"I will go bail that no one here suffers any loss," replied Walter Dickson, resolutely. "The *Saucy Sail* is worth something, and I have a little money at bank, which, in case of the worst, shall be at your service. There—does that suit you, mates?"

All reluctantly allowed that under these circumstances, so far as they were concerned, they had certainly no further right to complain, but, at the same time, they avowed their disinclination to accept so generous an offer.

"No, no," said Brock, with a gleam of kindly feeling in his hard gray eyes; "we ain't a-going to cut our cable from you, old fellow. We're in a heavy sea; but if we pull together with a will, we may perhaps keep our shirt-collars dry yet."

"That's well said, mate," answered Dickson, cheerily. "Now, my plan is this: to get one of our people to visit the *Martin's Nest* this very night. If I was as lissom as I used to be—"

"I will go," interrupted young Richard Brock, sentimentally. "There will be moon enough for that."

"You're a good fellow," replied Dickson, with much heartiness; "and your father is proud of you, for all that he looks like a cormorant who has just dropped a fish. You shall visit the poor gentleman, my lad, and explain matters. It will be hard upon him as well as upon us, we may be sure; but you must make him see the necessity of being a prisoner for some time to come at least, and more than that, of his remaining quiet, so that nobody but ourselves may know where he is. If the *Martin's Nest* was discovered, even without its golden eggs, it would be a heavy blow to the Good Cause."

"Ay, that it would," murmured the crew as with one voice, but no longer with peevish sullenness; for their confidence in Walter Dickson was great; and now that a little time had been allowed for reflection, even old Will Brock confessed to himself that his friend's counsel had been wiser than his own, as well as more humane.

Throughout the period of this conversation, the lugger had been making short tacks in front of the Beacon Cliff, since it would have been dangerous to bring her up in such an anchorage; as for landing, it was not to be thought of at that place; nor if it could have been done, would it have availed for any intercourse between the crew and Raymond, so great was even yet the force of the wind and the distance between the beach and his place of captivity. He could indeed have communicated with them (through the medium, as already suggested, of something written and enclosed in the cover of his hunting-watch), but, of course, they had no cause to suspect the urgent necessity of the case, and were unwilling to risk the peril of a disembarkation, from which, as it

seemed to them, no good could possibly come. In a few minutes more, the unhappy man, whose hopes for the rescue of his wife and child had been lately so flattered, had the misery to read their fate (as he had every reason to fear) in a few ill-spelled words, printed with chalk upon a board, and held over the side of the lugger:

"Be Patient: Help will come to nite. But on your life do not show yourself again, or make any more signals."

Then, in spite of his reiterated attempts by voice and gesture to reverse this fatal sentence, the head of the *Saucy Sail* was turned toward Sandby; and in a few more minutes the sea was once more sailless, and Raymond watching the cruel foam come crawling in, and listening to the long-drawn hiss of the rising tide with a heart robbed of its last hope.

## CHAPTER XLIV.—HOW THE MARTIN'S NEST WAS DISCOVERED.

ONCE more the pale Moon rose upon Raymond Clifford in his captivity, and this time it looked down upon him pitifully, with scarce an intervening cloud; tipped with her rays, each tiny wavelet (for the wind had dropped) broke into silver smiles; the sapphire sea, like one great jewel, sparkled icily from marge to marge. But the captive had no eye for its beauty; it would have been the same to him had ink darkness overspread the scene. Whatever canvas Nature might have displayed, he would only have seen upon it the picture of a little home, emptied of all its happiness by one remorseless hand. His mind was solely usurped by utter wretchedness: the sense of desolation reigned supreme; even Revenge stirred not now within him. His long fast had doubtless combined with his late anxieties thus to prostrate him; but one who had seen Raymond thirty-six hours before, as he stood upon Beacon Down, radiant with health and vigor, would scarcely have recognized him, as with woo-begone face and lack-lustre eye he sat within his solitary prison. It was nearly midnight, but he felt no desire for sleep; and yet so occupied were his thoughts, that he could hardly be said to be a waking, conscious man. As he saw nothing, so he heard nothing of what was passing around him. It was only when a huge object suddenly darkened the mouth of the cave, and then retired, leaving it light again, that he became conscious that he was not alone—that there was a human being swinging to and fro in front of the *Martin's Nest*, now touching the threshold with his feet, and now leaping out again into space, so as to gain a greater impetus, and thereby penetrate still further upon his return.

"Can you not shorten matters, sir," cried the human spider, "by catching hold of me presently?"

The voice of his fellow-creature acted upon Raymond like a restorative; he leaped up from his costly couch of shawls and laces in time to seize his visitor at the very next swing of the pendulum, and retain him in his grasp.

"Hold tight, sir," cried Richard Brock, for he it was who presented himself under these very peculiar circumstances. "You have no idea (however anxious you may be to leave the *Martin's Nest*) how a body wants to get out of it which has entered after this fashion. But what's the matter with you, sir, besides hunger and want of room?"

"Can you tell me any news of my wife?" gasped Raymond. "Tell me the worst at once, man; is she alive or dead?"

"Lor bless you, sir, alive and well—why not? I saw her this very evening."

"God be praised!" cried Raymond, fervently, wringing the man's hand who had brought him such blessed tidings. "And is my child safe, too?"

Richard hesitated a little.

"What! has that devil Stevens drowned my child?"

"No, no, sir. Don't call names. The man you speak of is drowned himself, poor wretch—held by a stone-crab in the Mermaid Cavern until the tide came up and— Well, that's a strange thing to be thanking heaven for, unless, maybe, you are thinking that the chap was a coast-guardman, which, it seems, he was not, after all."

"He was a murderer in thought if not in deed," returned Raymond, sternly, "as I will tell you."

"All in good time, sir," observed the young man, cheerily; "but first you take this bread and meat, and let the brandy in that flask fetch up a little color into your cheek. You must be main hungry, so use your teeth and rest your tongue, while I take the eggs here out of the *Martin's Nest*." With these words, the young man began fastening two of the bales to the rope of three-inch cow-hide which had brought him, a hundred feet of which at least, besides what he had himself required for his descent, were in the hands of his friends upon the Down above. "Now, do not fear but I shall return for the rest," cried he; "and when I have cleared all these goods, I will still come back and keep you company."

"But why not take me with you instead of the bales?" inquired Raymond, with whom good news and a few morsels of food had already worked wonders, and who felt quite equal to any peril or exertion, the object of which should be to set him on *terra firma*.

"I will tell you that presently, and everything else it concerns you to know, Mr. Hopburn; but duty first, say I (unless it's revenue duty), and pleasure afterward; so here goes."

With that the young man stepped into the air with his burden, as calmly as a tide-waiter would step from deck to quay, and keeping himself off the rock with his nimble feet, was rapidly hauled up to the summit of the Down above. Then again descending, and being caught by Raymond as before, he took away more bales, and so on till the cave was bare.

"You do not think I will desert you, Mr. Hopburn?" said the young man, frankly, as he

started with his last freight, and Raymond was watching his movements with wistful eyes.

"No, Richard, I do not. I can easily understand why I am not to see how those bundles of—"

"Gulls' feathers," interrupted the young man, smiling: "we cliff-fowlers make our living by collecting them, you know."

True to his promise, Richard Brock once more descended, bringing with him this time some rugs and blankets, as well as a further supply of provisions. At sight of these, Raymond looked by no means grateful.

"What!" cried he, "am I to stay in this place another night?"

"Ay, sir, and another and another, I fear, although no longer than I can help, I promise you. If I had been the sole owner of what was here just now, you should be free at once, for I know that I could trust to your honor, and besides, I owe your good lady a kind turn for what she did to my Phoebe in her sickness. But there are others who are deeply concerned in the matter—it's the best run we have had this many a year, and everything must be got well away before we risk letting you out. Even then—I'm speaking what others say, sir, and not my own thoughts—even then, you would do us a mort of mischief by telling about the *Martin's Nest*. It is the best place for stowage along the coast; and all the better for the little mischance as happened to poor Price down yonder. The blue jackets think the place uncanny, and shirk their night-watches upon the beacon in consequence. There's Walter Dickson up there now, holding on to this rope as quietly as though he was not sitting on the beat of a coast-guardman; though, indeed, if one should come, he has his answer ready: If one likes to go bird-fowling by night instead of by day, what's that to the custom-house? They will never turn themselves at a rope's end to see what I'm about—of that I'm certain. And, by-the-by, Mr. Hepburn, how in the name of the devil—for he is not called The Prince of the Powers of the Air in Holy Writ?—did you yourself chance to come here?"

"I climbed down by yonder ledge," quoth Raymond, coolly.

"What! without a rope?" exclaimed the other, with a perceptible shudder: "that is not humanly possible!"

"Yet by that means, and no other, did I come hither, Richard, although not of my own free will, as you shall hear." Then Raymond narrated all the circumstances (so far as consisted with his assumed name of Hepburn) which had brought him into his present inconvenient plight. To the details of the attempted murder, his companion listened with not a little excitement and indignation; but in the description of the means by which the *Martin's Nest* had at last been reached, his interest was manifested even still more keenly.

"You are the king of us all, sir!" exclaimed the cliff-fowler, enthusiastically, when the tale was told. "There is not a man in Sandby who could have got here from the cliff-top as you did; no, nor ever was one, I believe, even when Walter Dickson was young. He it was, sir, who first discovered this place, and that in a very curious manner—one which I should have thought could scarcely have been equalled for strangeness, if I had not heard your story."

"And how was that?" inquired Raymond; not that he much cared to know, but because he began to feel a great repugnance in being left alone, and desired to retain his present companion with him as long as possible.

"Well, sir, it was when Dickson was quite a boy, about sixteen or so, and when Sandby was not so full of folk as it is now: there were scarcely any cliff-fowlers then, for there was a better trade than bird-nesting to take to, and all hands were wanted for it, so that the gulls had an easy life of it to what they have now, and were only plagued by the boys. Dickson and my father were playmates at that time, as they're workmates now, and have been so these thirty years and more; always together, shrimpin' and fishin', risking their necks about the cliffs with letting one another down by a bit of rope such as nobody but madcaps like them would have trusted themselves to. One day, while knocking about in a cove, which, I believe, had been pronounced unseaworthy by the rightful owner—in the Beacon Bay here—Dickson spies out this dark hole.

"What a lot of gulls' nests there ought to be in there!" says he.

"What a lot there *are*!" cries my father, whom I have heard tell this story about a hundred and forty times. 'What a lot there are, for I can see 'em!'

"I wish we could get at 'em," continues Dickson.

"What's the good o' wishing?" answers my father. "Don't you see how the cliff hangs over? You might as well wish to get at the moon."

"No, mate," returns Dickson, gravely, "because you ain't got nowhere above the moon where you can stick a stake in with a rope tied round it, and lower yourself down hand over hand; let alone any stand-point such as yonder Down, where a chap could depend upon—like you, Brock—might stand and hold the rope, and shift it properly."

"You ain't a-goin' to try that, mate," says my father, firmly, "nor anything so foolhardy?"

"No, I'm not a-goin' to try it; I'm a-goin' to do it," returned Walter Dickson. "Why, think what must be in that ere hole, mate, in which never a fowler has yet put his fingers, I'll be bound; what feathers and skins, and oil and eggs! Why, I doubt whether even that last run, which your father (that's my grandfather, Mr. Hepburn) is never tired of talking about, will have brought more grist to the mill. Only, not a word about it to any soul, mind. They'd make us promise not to try it; or, perhaps, it 'ud put it into somebody else's head to do the very same thing before us."

"You needn't be a bit afraid of that last, boy,"

answers my father, grimly enough; 'and as for the first, I'm not one to blab and spoil sport; and if you're fixed upon it, why, I'm your man for anything. Only, you'll never use this rotten old cord for such a place as you, where you'll have to swing right under—'

"No," replies Dickson, interrupting him sharply; "I'm not a fool, although you chose, just now, to call me one."

"I said 'fool-hardy,'" replied my father, positively, 'and I say it again.'

"Well, we'll see what you say to-morrow, when you haul me up from yonder hole—under the eave of the Down though it be, and for all the world like a *Martin's nest*—with my pockets full of fulmars. As for the rope, Lucy Prichard (and here my father says Dickson blushed, for Lucy was the young girl as he was courting then, and whom he afterward married) will lend me that fine one which was her mother's only marriage-portion, and has never been any good to her, because she has no son. Lucy has often begged me, if I must needs go fowling, to use that rope, and so I'll do it to-morrow, and to some purpose; and as for the stake, if you do not choose to hold me, lad, I will borrow an iron bar of the blacksmith; so you may please yourself."

"But when the morrow came, and found Walter Dickson on the Beacon Down, William Brock was there likewise; and when the other, who was too proud to ask his help, since it was not offered, had thrust the bar into the earth, and fixed the rope, then, says my father:

"And do you suppose as I'm goin' to let you risk your neck alone, mate? No, man, no. You and I are goin' to see this ere *Martin's Nest* together; and if we miss it, why, even then we shall not be parted."

"Then Walter and he shook hands, for they was very fond of one another as boys, as they are now, although they have their tiffs. 'Just as you like,' says he; 'the rope is strong enough for ten such as we, and the bar won't break.'

"Then, instead of tying the hide round their bodies—as I and all sensible cliff-fowlers do—these mad boys lowered themselves slowly down, merely holding it in their hands; and work enough they had, when they got opposite this place, to swing themselves into it, as you may guess, when there was nobody within it to help them in as you helped me. Moreover, my father says that the birds flew out upon them in hundreds—just as in the big print we've got stuck up at home of the opening of the doors of the Ark—and beat them with their wings, not that the poor timorous creatures showed any fight, but by reason of their excessive numbers. At last the two boys swung themselves sufficiently far within to obtain foothold, and my father instantly began to lay his hands on all with life that had not yet flown away."

"Quick, quick!" exclaimed he; and Dickson, seeing how much he needed help, and what great spoil there was ran toward him eagerly.

"The next instant both cried out together.

"The rope! The rope!"

"But the recollection of it came too late! My father had forgotten it at first, and now in his excitement Walter also let it go. So there it swung, now near, now far, but already too far to be reached, and coming with every swing less and less near. At last it hung quite still, about five feet or so beyond the entrance; and it will give you some notion of the extraordinary feat that you, sir, have accomplished in arriving here, that neither of the boys, though cliff-fowlers born, dared venture out upon yonder sloping ledge, and so approach the rope by your own road. If they had done so, however, it would even then have been beyond their reach."

"They were as completely trapped as any guillemot they had ever caught in spring. It might be days, as they well knew, before anybody discovered the bar upon the Down above, and if that happened, he who found it would probably draw up the rope, and finding nothing, would conceive that he who had left it there must needs have fallen into the sea. It was quite impossible to make their voices heard upon the cliff-top, and the *Martin's Nest* was unknown to all except themselves. Their only hope, like yours, lay in attracting the notice of some one on shipboard; but they had no large sail-cloth, such as you found here—nothing except their own clothes, which could not be seen save at a very little distance."

"The two boys looked at one another ruefully enough, each thinking of his home and friends, but Walter of his Lucy also, and of how she would reproach herself for having been the innocent means of his destruction, through lending him that fatal rope."

"Dickson was the first to speak."

"Robert," said he, "we are in a bad plight here, and if matters are to be mended, we must mend them ourselves. It is no use waiting here to be starved to death, or to be so weakened by hunger that we can do nothing that requires strength and courage. One of us must jump out at that rope, and take our chance of catching hold of it."

"My father says he never felt his blood run so cold in all his life as when he heard these words. But nevertheless he clearly saw the necessity of what the other proposed."

"I am ready, Walter," says he, simply; "and I think I am the lissomer of the two, and had better try first."

"Not so," says Dickson; "I brought you into this peril, and I must get you out of it. If I miss it, then it will be time enough for you to take your chance; and God send you better fortune!"

"Thank you, mate, replies my father, sturdily; 'but I'd rather die like a brave man, than survive you upon such terms as those. We'll jump together, if you please; but you won't jump before me, that's certain.'

"As for jumping together," says Walter Dickson, very vexed, "that would only be another

name for falling together; but since I know what a cruel obstinate chap you are, I'll consent to draw lots. Now, look you, here are two feathers, a black and a white; now I put my hands behind me, and if you guess which feather I hold in my right hand, then you shall jump first; if not—"

"No, no," interrupted my father, sharply; "I won't trust you, Walter; your heart is too kind to be honest in a matter like this. I myself will throw the feathers into the air, and whichever passes the ledge first shall decide the question; if the black one falls the quicker, I jump—if the white one, you."

"So be it, Will, if you will have it so," returned Dickson.

"The air was very calm and still that day, and the feathers were a long time descending from the height to which my father threw them. The two boys watched them with straining eyes, now poised, now quiver, now slowly sink, now caught in little eddies, until at last they reached the ledge, the white one first."

"I am glad of that," said Dickson, quietly; "for otherwise I should have jumped from where I stand, and it is better to have a run. Look here, Robert; I don't want to blubber about such things now, when all depends upon a clear sight, but if I—I miss the rope, and you get home again all right, as I trust you will, you'll give my love to mother, and father, and Lucy, and tell them—But there, that's enough. God bless you, mate, if we don't happen to meet again just yet. Stand clear there. One—two—three!"

"As he said these words, he leapt out at the rope with a great spring, and my father hid his face; nor did he look up again, nor know what was happening—being in a sort of swoon-like—until he felt Walter Dickson fastening the hide about his waist, and bidding him cheer up and fill his pockets. And that's the true story of how the *Martin's Nest* was first found out."

"And he that was the brave boy you speak of—Walter Dickson—is now awaiting you upon the Down, above us, is he?"

"The very man, sir, and as brave as ever, only a good deal stiffer in the joints. Nevertheless, he would have visited you here himself, if nobody else could have been got to do it; for Mrs. Hepburn has been very good to his old woman—she that was Lucy Prichard once, and who owns this rope, which is the same I have been talking of all this time—as she was to my poor Phoebe in the fever."

"Then, being both so brave and grateful," pleaded Raymond, "will you not trust to my honor not to betray the secret of the *Martin's Nest*?"

"Ay, that we would, sir, if the matter concerned us only. But we have passed our word to keep you prisoner here till the goods removed this night have been disposed of, and that will take some time."

"At least you will let my poor wife know that I am safe; or else, when I do not return to-morrow, she is sure to think I have come to grievous harm."

"Well, sir," answered the young man, frankly, "we will do our best, Dickson and I; but no woman has ever yet been let into this secret, any more than if it was the Freemasons'. I dare not trust to Phoebe. However, you may depend upon us two, sir. Do not fret, and I shall be with you again to-morrow night at furthest."

"And you will have seen my wife and child?" said Raymond.

"I hope so," answered the young man, evasively; for he knew that Milly had been carried away, although he thought it better not to harrow the father's heart by such sad news, while thus compelled to inaction and captivity. But he kept his promise, and so worked upon his father, with the help of Dickson, that the old man at last gave permission that Mrs. Hepburn should be informed, under a strict oath of secrecy, that her husband was alive and in safe hands. It was this glad news which Walter Dickson came to impart that evening when he found Mrs. Carey at Pampas Cottage, and the revelation of which sent Mildred back, as we have seen, from the bedside of his 'old woman' with such a lightened heart. Upon the other hand, through their prisoner, the free-traders became cognizant of the villainy of the man called Stevens, and exhibited it, with reference to the burial of his body, in the manner described. Still, they were much averse to set Raymond free, fearing that the secret must needs ooze out if they did so, and jealous of his intimacy with the people at Lucky Bay. Mildred and her husband, however, were permitted to correspond by letter—subject to a Sir James Graham's inspection of the correspondence—and it was with Raymond's full consent that Mrs. Hepburn undertook the expedition to Cliffe Hall in search of her lost Milly. The smugglers, too, were not displeased at an opportunity of giving the captive his liberty, which also insured his absence from the neighborhood; so a few hours after Mildred's departure, his faithful friend and visitor, young Richard Brock, swung himself as usual into Raymond's (by this time tolerably furnished) lodgings, with the long-wished-for information that the rope was ready to carry double."

So Raymond had followed his wife post-haste, to Cliffe, and now met her, as they had agreed upon, in the heart of Ribble, for the first time since Gideon Carr had striven so hard to part them for ever.

#### CHAPTER XLV.—MET TO PART.

"But what is it you propose to do at Cliffe, love?" asked Mildred of her husband, when he had finished narrating his strange experiences of the last few days, and had received her own in turn. "Why should we not at once depart, now that we have our Milly safe and well? I cannot bear a second separation from you, Ray—indeed, indeed, I cannot—and yet I feel that that is what you have in your mind."

"We will not be separated, dearest," answered Raymond, soothing her dark tresses with his loving hand. "I will be near you to watch over you; you will meet me here every day. But I have a duty to perform in my father's house, which I have too long neglected; I must protect the helpless, and I must punish the guilty."

Very stern and grave was Raymond's voice as he spoke these words, and Mildred trembled to hear it, because she knew what iron resolve that tone expressed. Her husband, so simple, so generous, so open, was about to match himself against the wily Grace.

"Yes," continued he, "I have been selfishly content with my own lot too long. I have suf-

fered my father's son, my only brother, to remain in wicked hands—flattered by false hopes, terrified by false fears—and have never lifted finger to set him free from a captivity worse than that from which I have myself but now escaped. True, I have not wronged him; but when I look upon you, my own, my love, I feel pity for him who coveted such a priceless treasure in vain."

"Raymond," answered Mildred, hastily, "you do not know how sadly Rupert is changed."

"Yes, dear, I know it. The Curse has fallen—alas! poor Rue, poor Rue!" Raymond turned away his face, and was silent for a little, ere he resumed. "I must act for him, therefore, and not with him, as I had hoped to do. For some base purpose of her own, this woman, who would imprison him at the Dene without a scruple, seeks to make him appear sane. In a few days I can collect evidence hereabouts to prove him otherwise. Then he will be removed from her and here, and put in some fit place, and receive careful attendance, from which may come—who knows?—improvement, cure."

Mildred shook her head.

"At all events," continued her husband, "he shall remain no more with one who only uses him for her own ends. With her, too—a murderess in intention—I have my own account to settle. This letter, in her own handwriting—'When you have made sure of R,' writes she—was found on the dead body of her brother. I will tell her this to her false face: 'That were it not she was once my father's wife—'

"No, no," cried Mildred, passionately; "defy her not, dear husband; let her be. You will fall into her toils yourself."

"I must take my chance of that, wife," answered Raymond, cheerfully; "but since you fear this woman thus, Mildred, I will remove you at once from out of her reach. With the Careys, you and the child will be safe alike from force or fraud; and when my work here is finished—"

"No, Raymond," cried Mildred, firmly. "If we are to be parted from you, I should feel safer here, in the very hold of our enemy, than in any place where, as before, she might suddenly swoop down upon us. The expectation of the peril would be worse than the peril itself. With thee without, and our unknown friend, whoever that may be, within, I shall not feel unprotected; besides, for a week, at least, I am safe, for until then I shall not have served this woman's turn."

"Moreover," answered Raymond, "within a week I shall have obtained all that I need in the way of information, as well, I hope, as struck a blow at this evil woman, who is even now, as I have cause to suspect, bringing her base designs to some completion. Nay, do not tremble, my sweet love. How strange it is that you, who are so brave against all else, should be such a coward with respect to Grace Clifford!"

"I do not fear, dear Raymond—indeed, indeed I do not for myself, no, nor yet for Milly; while she is in my arms, at least, she seems to be safe, and knowing that I have her to guard, I meet my aunt as the sheep-dog meets the wolf—but it is for thee, Raymond, for thee I tremble."

"You doubt that I have wit to cope with cunning Grace," returned Raymond, smiling. "Well, that is true, enough. Still, there is something of advantage in an honest cause, and something, too, in this—that the woman deems me dead. She that plays tricks with shrouds, and acts the sacrilegious part of a lost spirit, may yet not be without her own superstitions, Mildred."

"Then why be seen?" urged Mildred. "If you trust for anything to Grace's ignorance—and, oh, beware how you build on that foundation—why show yourself, and run the risk of being recognized? Would Aunt Grace easily credit that it is your ghost which haunts the place, or would it not rather put her on her guard to sift the truth of the story of your death?"

"You are wise and prudent, dear Mildred; but you do not remember that I left Cliffe a smooth-faced boy, having scarcely used a razor till I married; while, since I have been imprisoned under Beacon Down, I have become bearded like the pard. Moreover, in the daytime, no one is stirring now about the park, whether from the Hall or the village; and when evening comes I retire to the *Spotted Cove*, beyond the turnpike, where, in return for looking over the contents of my portfolio, the guidman and his wife entertain me with the country gossip, and all the history of the poor mad squire. They would as soon think of finding a likeness for me to the cow upon their signboard as to Raymond Clifford."

"Why, the very dog, Rufus, knew you; and I knew you, Raymond."

"Yes, the dog and you," interrupted her husband, smiling upon her, fondly, "for love and instinct are equally lynx-eyed; but, trust me, no one else shall recognize me. And now, dearest, for the present, we must part, lest this attendant of yours become impatient, or even grow suspicious. You see that it is I that am the prudent one. Every day at this same time I shall be within this chamber, having always *Finis Hall* to take to if any ferret shall invade the burrow. If you do not come, I shall conclude you cannot. In the meantime, do not fear. Within the week, or in less time, I hope to discover enough to put a spoke in Madame Clifford's wheel that shall mar the smoothness of its running."

With dire forebodings, which, however, she did not express, Mildred held up her child to meet its father's kiss; then turned toward him her own obedient cheek, unstained by tear, and made him a loving farewell. Darker and darker grew his form with every footstep that she took with torch in hand, and once she could not forbear from running back and kissing him once more; but at last she tore herself away, and hurried forth to Lucy.

"I am afraid I have been very selfish, and made you wait very long," said Mildred, sweetly.

"It did not seem so, madam, I assure you," replied her attendant. "It is my duty to await your pleasure; and, besides, my brother, here, has kept me company."

William Cator, who was standing a little behind his sister, leaning upon a gun, regarded his mistress's truant niece with no very friendly eyes.

"I am afraid I frightened you, miss—that is, madam," said he, gruffly.

"Yes," returned Mildred, with a steady voice, "I am always frightened at firearms. Please to carry it carefully as we go back."

"I ain't a-going back, ma'am," replied the other, with an unpleasant grin. "There's nothing to do at the Hall, and I can't sleep in the sunlight, like the other folks; so I'm out for a day's pleasure."

"What is your brother going to shoot?" asked Mildred, with a beating heart, of Lucy, as they recrossed the park.

"Oh, nothing as I know of, madam; he is no sportsman. He was waiting for you to leave the cave, because he wants to go in there himself to fire the gun off, and try the effect of the echoes. I wonder whether we shall hear them?"

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

THERE are treasures richer than gold or pearls, and there are sentiments so pure and deep, that sometimes they control our whole nature and disclose its true dignity. The incident shown in our illustration of the power of music, which we take from an exchange, is one of those touching revelations of feeling, inspired by song, that prove what susceptibilities often lie hidden beneath an unpromising exterior, requiring only the fitting opportunity for their proper development:

Leaning idly over a fence a few days since, we noticed a little four-year-old "lord of creation" amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were around him. At length a beautiful bob-o-link perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple tree which extended to within a few yards of the spot where the urchin sat, and maintained his position apparently unconscious of the close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after steadily regarding him for a minute or two, obeying the instincts of his baser nature, he picked up a stone lying at his feet and was preparing himself for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, the Bob was within an ace of damage, when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came nature's plea, "A link—a link—al-i-n-k, bob-o-link, bob-o-link! a-no-weet! I know it—I know it! a-link! don't throw it! throw it, throw it," etc., etc.; and he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him and inquired: "Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him and carried him home."

The poor little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression of half shame and half sorrow, he replied: "Couldn't, cause he sung so."

Who will say our nature is wholly depraved, after that; or even that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast? Melody awakened humanity, and humanity—mercy! The bird was saved and, God was glorified by the deed. Dear little boys, don't stone the birds.

## BURNING OF A COOLIE SHIP.

We cannot conceive of any sound more appalling than the cry of fire on a crowded ship in mid-ocean. The mad element, at any time so frightful, is now invested with ten-fold terror, from the utter hopelessness of rescue, and the certainty of death either from the flames or the water. It is hardly a matter of surprise that in such circumstances reason is paralyzed and passion becomes furious, that the worst, as well as the noblest traits of humanity, are brought into action, and bitter despair induces utter madness.

The following account of the destruction of a coolie ship will convey some faint conception of the horrors of a fire at sea:

The Italian ship *Napoleon Canavero*, which sailed from Macao on March 8, had a crew of forty men, 663 Chinese coolie emigrants and 8,000 boxes of fire-crackers. Soon after sailing an attempt was made by some of the coolies to poison the ship's officers, and the ringleaders were punished by flogging. It appeared that 200 had joined in a conspiracy to destroy the officers and capture the ship, and efforts were made to keep them in subordination, but they failed. On the 14th of March a rush was made by the coolies to get possession of the vessel, but they were fired upon by the officers and crew, and about thirty of them shot, but yet they refused to surrender, declaring they would either capture the vessel or die. They made another rush to obtain possession of the deck, when the crew fired down the hatches upon them. The account of the proceedings immediately subsequent is thus given by Alexander Francis Faw, master of the ship:

"A cry of fire was raised and smoke seen to issue from several parts of the vessel aft. The fire-engine was at once got ready for work, but whilst some of the deck lights were being lifted for the purpose of putting down the hose in the between-decks, where the fire was, one of the coolies severed the wrist of the seaman engaged in handing them the hose, with a cutlass obtained from one of the guards, the consequence of which was that the man, in less than twenty minutes, died from loss of blood. To all appearance the object of the coolies in setting fire to the ship was for the purpose of getting the crew below, they thinking the fire a more serious affair than the revolt, and that the crew in all probability would at once go below and endeavor to prevent the fire making any further progress in



THE POWER OF MUSIC.

the vessel; but in this they were disappointed. A second time they were asked to surrender, and they again replied they would not. The fire rapidly increasing, the captain ordered bread and water to be placed in the boats, and the latter got ready for immediate use.

"The cook, assisted by the steward, placed in the gig, which was hanging on the starboard side to the ship's davits, two barrels of read and a small keg containing about six gallons. The cook got into the boat, and while the steward was lowering it down, the tackle rope parted, the boat was capsized and the cook drowned. The captain now ordered a long boat to be lowered, and while in the act of lowering it, the tackle rope of this also parted, and the boat was swamped. A third boat was lowered in safety, which was immediately filled with some of the crew, and put off from the ship's side. The ship now being fore and aft one mass of flames, the remainder of the crew left on board, which consisted of the captain, first mate, European doctor, interpreter, supercargo, storekeeper, chief steward and one sailor, were compelled to throw themselves overboard, and swim toward one of the swamped boats. The captain, mate, supercargo and sailor alone reached the boat, the others having perished in the attempt.

"After being in the water twenty minutes or more, still holding on to the swamped boat and calling to the crew in the other boat for assistance, they came at length to our rescue, and we got into the boat which now contained thirty-one men, the remainder of the crew, nine in number, having perished. The weather at this time being

calm, an attempt was made to bail the water out of the long-boat, which was swamped, and having succeeded in doing so, fifteen men were placed in it. Having only six oars, two were given to the smallest boat, and the latter was towed by the large one—still keeping within a mile of the burning ship; at nine p. m. the mizen-mast fell, and at ten p. m. the vessel blew up, the fire having reached that part of the hold in which the 8,000 boxes of Chinese fire-crackers were stowed."

Of course every soul on board perished. The crew on board the boats was rescued by the Hamburg bark *Madeira*, bound to Saigon, China.

## THE ADROIT THIEF.

The skill and shrewdness exhibited by rogues in obtaining the property of others are sometimes almost marvelous, and it is always a matter of regret that their abilities are not devoted to more laudable ends. The following incident, related by a resident of India, illustrates the adroitness with which speculations are carried on in that country: "I once had a remarkably quiet and docile elephant, which one day came home loaded with branches of trees for provender, followed by a number of villagers, complaining that the driver had stolen a kid from them, and that it was then on the elephant under the branches of the trees. The driver took an opportunity of decamping into the village and hiding himself. I ordered the elephant to be unloaded, and was surprised to see that he would not allow any person to come near him, when at all other times he was perfectly tractable and obedient. Combining all the cir-

cumstances, I was convinced that the driver was guilty, and to get rid of the noise, I recompensed the people for the loss of the kid. As soon as they were gone, the elephant allowed himself to be unloaded, and the kid was found under the branches as described by the people. I learned from my interpreter that similar complaints had been made to him before, and that the rascal of a driver had made it a practice to drive the elephant into the midst of a herd of goats, and had taught the animal to pick up any of the kids he was directed; he had also accustomed him to steal pumpkins, and other vegetables that grew against the inside of the fences, like beans, which could be reached only by an elephant.

## THE ASS AND THE CARROTS.

THE intelligence displayed by animals often approximates so nearly to reason, that it is not very difficult to believe they may have the power of forming logical conclusions. The advocates of the development theory can certainly adduce many facts that strongly favor their views. The donkey is not generally considered a very knowing brute, but the following incident exhibits a degree of shrewdness, and a skill in adapting means to ends, that ought to redeem this despised quadruped from the contempt with which he is so usually regarded.

An ass was lodged at night in a small shed, which opened into a yard; adjoining this, but separated from it by a wall and a door, fastened by two bolts and an ordinary latch, was the kitchen garden. One morning the master was very much surprised to find the garden-door unbolted, and the footprints of the ass on the garden-walks and beds plainly showed who had been the trespasser. Still the master could scarcely imagine that the ass had withdrawn the bolts and let himself in; but one night he watched him from the window of a room overlooking the yard and garden, and there he distinctly saw Master Donkey, reared on his hind legs, unfastening the upper bolt with his nose or mouth. He then withdrew the lower one also, lifted the latch, and walked in. Presently he returned with a fine bunch of carrots, which he placed in his shed, and then went back to latch the door, after which, he leisurely munches his slyly acquired booty. Before a stop was put to his proceedings his master gave several of his neighbors an opportunity of witnessing them. It was noticed that he never would begin operations till the light had been extinguished from the bedroom window.

## MARRIAGES IN THE FLEET PRISON.

THE condition of public morals in England a century and a half ago, compared with our standard, was exceedingly gross and disgraceful. Abuses of every character were tolerated, and there was a complete absence of that refined and delicate regard for purity and refinement that is the distinguishing mark of modern society.

Among the singular customs of our forefathers, arising, in a great measure, from their indifference to decorum, one of the most remarkable was matrimony, solemnized, we were going to say, but the fittest word would be "performed" by the parsons in the Fleet Prison. These clerical functionaries were disreputable and dissolute men, mostly prisoners for debt, who, to the great injury of public morals, dared to insult the dignity of their holy profession by marrying in the precincts of the Fleet Prison, at a minute's notice, any persons who might present themselves for that purpose. No questions were asked, no stipulations made, except as to the amount of the fee for the service, or the quantity of liquor to be drunk on the occasion. It not unfrequently happened, indeed, that the clergyman, the clerk, the bridegroom and the bride were drunk at the very time the ceremony was performed. These disgraceful members of the sacred calling had their "plyers," or "barkers," who, if they caught sight of a man and woman walking together along the streets of the neighborhood, pestered them as the Jew clothesmen in the present day tease the passers-by with solicitations, not easily to be shaken off, as to whether they wanted a clergyman to marry them.

With such facilities for marriage, and such unprincipled ministers, it may easily be imagined that iniquitous schemes of all sorts were perpetrated under the name of "Fleet Weddings." The parsons were ready, for a bribe, to make false entries in their registers, to ante-date weddings, to give fictitious certificates, and to marry persons who would declare only the initials of their names. Thus, if a spinster or a widow, in debt, desired to cheat her creditors by pretending to have been married before the debt was contracted, she had only to present herself at one of the marriage-houses in the Fleet, and, upon payment of a small additional fee to the clergyman, a



BURNING OF A SHIP AND SIX HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO COOLIE EMIGRANTS.

man could instantly be found on the spot to act as bridegroom for a few shillings, and the worthless chaplain could find a blank place in his register for any year desired, so that there was no difficulty in making the necessary record. They would also, for a consideration, obliterate any given entry. The sham bridegrooms, under different names, were married over and over again, with the full knowledge of the clerical practitioners. In fact, all manner of people presented themselves for marriage at the unholy dens in the Fleet taverns: runaway sons and daughters of peers, Irish adventurers and foolish rich widows, footmen and decayed beauties, soldiers and servant-girls, boys in their teens and old women of seventy, men and women having already wives and husbands, young heiresses conveyed thither by force, and compelled, in *terrorem*, to be brides, and common laborers and female paupers, dragged by parish-officers to the profane altar, stained by the relics of drunken orgies, and reeking with the fumes of liquor and tobacco!

Such was London in the early part of the last century. It is an evidence of progress and virtue that such a state of things would be impossible now, and that corruption cannot so openly fester and pollute. Our illustration shows one of these unhallowed performances in the old Fleet Prison, within the walls of which so much of agony and wretchedness has been experienced.

#### THE STING OF A SCORPION. Episode of an Adventure in Tartary.

ON my way between Balkh and Kerki, I spent several days in the house of a renowned Turkoman sheikh, who, besides his spiritual influence, exer-



THE ASS AND THE CARBOTS.

cised also a worldly superiority over the tribe amongst whom he resided. I should have plenty to do if I set myself to relate all the roguery and hypocritical bearings of this Mohammedan saint, especially in connecting bartering with blessing, and business with so-called religion. But at present I wish to speak only of a danger which befell me when in his company, and from which I escaped by a special mercy of the Almighty.

In one of those bright moonlight nights of August I sat up a little longer than usual in the society of some young Turkomans, who found extreme pleasure in my reading of some heroic tales and their national songs. Toward midnight, however, everybody retired, or rather separated from the rest, which was merely lying down in the open air. I fell asleep near an old wall, entirely forgetting the warnings so often given to me by the nomads not to dwell in the neighborhood of old decaying edifices, or near a heap of rubbish. But, alas! I suppose men accustomed to civilized life feel always a secret inclination toward buildings. A wall, even if in ruin, reminded me of comfort and of settled life; and I may be excused if I listened rather to the voice of my heart than to the counsels of my companions.

Sleep, as usual with me, closed my eyes as soon as I laid me down. I dreamt of the wars and the warriors illustrated in the poetry I had been reading to the Turkomans. I would rather have had my senses beguiled by remembrance of "sweet home;" but we cannot command the nature of our dreams.

It was about midnight when I felt a terrible and acute pain in my right foot near the great toe—a pain as awful as if somebody had plunged a poisoned needle in that spot. I awoke with a loud piercing cry. I grasped my foot, and,

although yet unconscious of what had befallen me, I implored, with heart-rending exclamations the help of my slumbering neighbors. They awoke, but before they could come to my assistance, the pain, increasing in violence, began to spread upward to the head like the flow of a fiery stream. While the right side from top to toe ached in an indescribably awful way, the left remained entirely untouched.

In this desperate state it was a gray-haired Turkoman who approached me first, and saying: "Ah, Hadjim" (my pilgrim), "you are stung by a scorpion," he seized the leg, bound it round the ankle as tight as he could, then, pressing his lips on the spot where the pain originated, he sucked with such a force that I really felt the power of his breath along the whole aching side. In the meantime I was surrounded by the rest of the company, and the old Turkoman, who became probably tired by his exertions, was soon relieved by a second and a third. The sucking, although renewed with fresh vigor, did little or nothing to relieve my agony. Finally, an old Mollah came to apply his holy breath in the shape of blessings. Tapping for some minutes with his fingers on the badly wounded limb, he uttered curses and imprecations on the evil spirit who came in the shape of a scorpion to torture the true believer. He encouraged me with the promise that as soon as the Muezzin should call for the morning prayer, the evil spirit would disappear, being by nothing more frightened than by the words of that holy admonition.

I remained then in a state the picture of which I could scarcely give to the reader. The vehement pain bereft me of all reason. The cutting, stinging, and burning now pierced through the whole half of my body; but the head, and particularly the right eye, was the most affected. I screamed constantly as loud as I could, but my lamentations and my deep sighs did not prevent the company falling again to sleep. It was undoubtedly the most desperate moment, not only of my journey, but of my whole life. Whilst I thought the poison would kill me here in this strange and distant country, I glanced often to the heavens, not to look for the morning star as the signal of release from my tortures, according to the prediction of the pious Mollah, but to contemplate those shining bright orbs as if I would bid them farewell, and intrust to them my last adieu to my friends in the much-beloved West. In the paroxysm of my sufferings I renounced all hope, and flung my head violently to the ground, as if in order to deaden the intensity of my pangs. I am well ashamed now of my pusillanimous conduct, and I might justly be rebuked of it; but there is scarcely any pain or anguish which could approach that most terrible agony caused by the sting of scorpions—animals which were much dreaded even in the ancient times, and of whose deadly poison I had seen a miserable victim expire some days before. It was a poor Hadji, who, during his prayers, on touching the ground with his forehead, was stung on his eyelid: and there being no possibility of checking the spreading of the poison, he died in the most frightful way.

I lay there in an almost exhausted state. The dawn was yet half an hour distant, when I felt by degrees the fire changing into cold. I thought it was the morning breeze which made me shiver; but no, it was the crisis which had come. Every moment which brought me nearer to the blessed daylight diminished my aches, and—is it not wonderful to relate?—I felt them disappear exactly in the same way in which they came. First of all it was the head which began to clear; the mitigation augmented by short intervals in every limb downward to the foot; and when the first rays of the morning twilight struck my eyes I felt almost entirely recovered. I was in a state of half-intoxication, all my senses being weakened by the pain. In calling back to my memory the dreary midnight hour, I began

to shudder, when the deep stentorian voice of the Muezzin saying, "There is no God besides Allah," sounded in the distance. The prophecy of the Mollah was fulfilled; but the reader will understand that it was not the holy admonition, but rather the sucking of the Turkomans, that saved me. The wild sons of the desert know the usual term of the sufferings caused by the bite of this venomous animal, and instead of using a commonplace expression of so many hours, the wise Mollah gave the time of the morning prayer as the time of my recovery.

Two hours after sunrise, although weak, I was able to walk about; and how great was my astonishment when, looking at the spot where I had been wounded, I saw but a small, scarcely noticeable point, like the puncture of a very fine needle.

#### THE WILD HORSE

It was on the occasion of my second journey across the American desert that we found ourselves one morning, in the month of October, 1848, among a chain of steep and barren mountains, amid which flowed a stream like a chain of silver. It was full of fish, and the banks were of turf, enameled with flowers. In the distance, on the brow of the mountain which overlooked the valley, were trees whose foliage was fresh and bright, whose boles were covered with emerald moss, and on which the eye rested with pleasure, for they contrasted with the monotony of the vast solitudes which we had traversed, after quitting the marshy banks of the Mississippi.

In the distance, we perceived a troop of wild horses browsing peacefully near a herd of about twenty bison, some of whom were lying in a thicket of cotton plants, whilst the others mounted guard. The chief of the red-skins assembled all the best hunters of his tribe, and

to take up the burden without hearing it repeated. The Pawnees, who entertained me, attached the baggage horses to stakes, so as to keep them from running away, and to prevent them from being misled by bad example. Fifty red-skins, with the chief of the tribe at the head, crept along the border of the wood which lined the hill to the left, leading their horses after them. A similar number of men went to the right, on the other side of the stream; whilst a third party, making an immense circuit, lay in ambush on a parallel line near the lower end of the valley, with a view to a junction of the two wings, so as to inclose the herd of wild horses in the centre. This difficult manœuvre was executed with extraordinary facility, and the third line was just about to unite itself with the two others, when the herd gave symptoms of alarm. The neighings of the horses became more frequent; they breathed heavily, and looked anxiously around. Presently they broke out into a trot, behind a clump of cotton bushes, which hid them from our sight.

The chief of the Pawnees happened to retreat to the spot where the scene which I narrate took place, and he advanced slowly to the animals, in order to drive them back, when the three whites who accompanied me broke out of the cover and advanced toward the horses.

This clumsy movement upset all the plans of the red-skins. Immediately they perceived the men, the wild horses dashed off into the valley, pursued by the three whites, who were shouting like men possessed. It was in vain for the Pawnees, who formed the middle line, to attempt to stop the fugitives and make them turn back. The animals, so hotly pursued, broke through the line and escaped into the open plain. On seeing this, the red-skins raised their war-whoop, and spurred their horses to a gallop.

The bison, who up to this time had been peacefully grazing in the prairie, seemed now to hold a



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consultation together, and looting with an air of astonishment at the human avalanche which came pouring toward them, they took flight at a rapid pace, galloping toward a marsh which was at the foot of the valley. As for the horses, they fled along the narrow defile through the mountains, and disappeared pell-mell in a cloud of dust. The three whites and about fifty Pawnees were on the heels of the wild horses, but none of them could use the lasso with any success. I must here confess my own incompetence as a horseman, and I admit that I was one of the laggards, although I was mounted on a capital mare, with an Indian saddle as comfortable and easy as an arm-chair. My feet were securely bound to the large Mexican stirrups, so that I was quite secure from falling.

Among the animals in the herd I had remarked a magnificent stallion, as black as a raven's wing, and I pursued him in company with two young Pawnees who acted as attendants upon the chief of the tribe. As we mounted the defile the stallion slipped and fell, and, in a moment, the two redskins leapt from their horses and seized the creature by his mane and nostrils. The stallion struggled vigorously, beating the earth with his fore feet and plowing it up behind with his hoofs; but, in spite of all his efforts, my two companions succeeded in passing the lasso around his neck and in fixing him by the right fore foot to a leathern thong which was attached to the left hind foot.

Whilst the other Indian hunters and the three whites pursued the remainder of the herd, I returned to camp with the black stallion and his two conquerors, who had attached a second rope to the lasso, and so held the brute between them at a sufficient distance to prevent him from injuring them by his kicking. Directly he went toward one side, they tugged him toward the other, and by this means, when arrived at the camp, if not vanquished, he was fairly tired out.

The Pawnees brought back four colts and a mare. Two of the former were bays, and the two others white; the mare was as black as jet. Next morning, the six animals seemed to understand perfectly the necessity of submission, and had become as docile as others who had lived for years in the camp of the Pawnees.

The capture of a wild horse is a feat which is esteemed above all others among the red-skins of every tribe. The animals who live in freedom on those vast plains are of different shapes and colors, and it is not difficult to distinguish their origin. Some of them resemble the English breeds, and these are probably the descendants of horses which escaped from the English colonies before the Declaration of Independence. The smaller and more sinewy horses are doubtless descended from the Andalusian breed, which were brought thither by Cortez and the Spanish colonists after the Mississippi and the neighboring territories were taken possession of by Hernandez de Soto.

On the evening after this grand hunt we were sitting around our fires, with which we had cooked our supper. Two blankets were spread upon the ground, and an enormous bowl of maple-wood was before us filled with a stew composed of wild turkeys and slices of peccary hams. Several haunches of wild venison, roasted upon wooden spits, were browning before the fire, which sputtered and smoked with the grease which dropped into it. We had neither plates nor forks, and every one helped himself with the aid of his knife, cutting slices from the venison, which he seasoned from a little bowl filled with a mixture of salt and pepper.

Here I must offer a compliment to the Pawnee cook. The stew and roasts, seasoned by the air of the prairie, seemed to me superior to anything I had ever tasted at Delmonico's. Our only drink was coffee boiled in a caldron, sweetened with brown sugar, and served in tin cups. When night came on, the camp wore a picturesque appearance. Scattered fires sparkled in the forest, and around them you could see groups of Indians, some seated, others lying at full length and wrapped up in their blankets. For my part, I took a pleasure in listening to the tales of the Pawnees who surrounded me—tales which beguiled the monotony of the scene. The Indians have plenty of legends, and their superstitious veneration for the beauties of Nature surpasses all that the ingenuity of a European can invent. One of them assured us that the hunters sometimes found thunder-bolts in the prairies, and that they made the best points for arrows and lances. A warrior furnished with those is invincible, but he is all the more subject to the danger of electricity. If a storm comes on during a fight, he may be reduced to powder. This, however, is but a fable.

I heard a great many anecdotes about a certain black horse that frequented the prairies of Arkansas for a number of years, defying every attempt of the hunters to catch him. The fame of him was known afar. He was thought to be impossible of capture, and his feet were lighter than the gazelle, and the mane which fell upon his graceful crest, was as black as ebony. One of the Pawnees told us that one evening, before the moon was up, he approached very near to the enchanted horse, and threw his lasso. The noble brute seemed to resign himself at first, and galloped by the side of his captor; but suddenly perceiving the camp fires, he shied off vigorously, disengaged himself from the lasso, and rushed full into the obscurity of the night.

The horses captured by the Pawnees are the objects of especial attention. It may interest the reader to know something of the means employed by the red-skins to conquer these noble animals. In the first place, they set upon the horse's back a construction composed of two pieces of wood, lightly attached to each other, so as to give it its first idea of servitude. The haughty independence of the animal is then immediately manifested, but after an unequal struggle, in which the Indian aids, the poor horse, feeling resistance to be useless, lies down and confesses himself to be vanquished. An actor, hoping to represent the de-

spair of a monarch, could not render the position more dramatically.

The second lesson consists in making the animal get up by the pressure of the bridle. At first the horse refuses to obey; then he lies down at full length; but presently, on the reiterated pressure of the bridle and the sting of the whip, he springs neighing to his feet and places his head between his two fore legs. Then he is entirely vanquished, and after making him submit for two or three days to these humiliations of slavery, he is set free among the horses who submit themselves to the rein or saddle. I could not help admiring the splendid animals thus trained by the Pawnees, and whose life is changed from freedom to a miserable slavery. Instead of ranging the boundless pastures at their will, wandering from prairie to prairie, and from mountain to plain, browsing upon every kind of flower and grass, and quenching their thirst at every brook, they are condemned to a perpetual servitude, to the humiliation of bridle and bit.

Is there not a strange similarity between this transition and the lot of some of the human race? One day a monarch, the next a prisoner. So one day the noble is monarch of the prairies, and the next, he is harnessed to a dung-cart.

#### THE ÆSTHETICS OF VIRTUE.

It is a trite saying, that virtue is its own reward, and doubtless under certain conditions this statement is true. There is unquestionably a satisfaction in the consciousness of well-doing, in the supremacy of good over evil, in the victory gained over wild passions and wayward propensities, that more than compensates for any self-denial imposed or any meretricious allurements neglected by one who has achieved such an end; but the melancholy fact still remains, that in the highest sense the great mass of men are not virtuous, and that many others, whose outward conduct is blameless, are secretly guilty of glaring departures from rectitude. Now this condition of things must arise either from some unconquerable propensity toward wrong-doing, from a want of power in virtue to control the mind and conduct, or from mistaken notions of its nature and requirements.

The last of these formulas we deem by far the more probable. It is our mistake as to the nature and province of virtue that disappoints us as to its influence and leads us to impugn human nature and mourn over its obliquity.

We strip virtue of all her adornments and pleasures, hold her up to the world a stark, repulsive skeleton, and ask that she shall be revered as a goddess, and when the beholders do not fall down and worship the miserable phantom, we declaim against the corruption of the times and the rampant wickedness of man. Virtue is not a bare abstraction, something that only the judgment can comprehend and the reason approve, but a living, breathing reality, radiant with love and sympathy, entering right into the heart and feelings, and reigning a queen over the affections. Verily her ways are ways of pleasantness, but we force her into rigid, artificial grooves, when all her attractions disappear, and wonder that she has so little power.

We take a child full of animal spirit, frank, trusting and loving, and teach him that to be good and virtuous he must repress all those feelings that are the very crowning charm of his being. We may succeed in molding and developing him into our own distorted pattern, just as trees may be pruned into fantastic shapes, but the result of our unnatural efforts in each instance will prove about equally satisfactory; we shall have neither a noble, virtuous man, nor a vigorous, beautiful tree. And this is the radical defect with most schemes of social and moral reform. Men, full of zeal, but void of wisdom, set up a caricature, and because the world laughs and despises, they say, What a naughty world!

But we proposed to treat of the æsthetics of virtue. The fact is, virtue, as generally held up to men, has no æsthetics, and it is of this great lack we complain. Vice is clothed in purple and fine linen, vice appeals to every sense, vice builds gorgeous temples, vice provides for almost every craving of our nature; is it strange, then, that virtue, losing sight of all these things, and degrading every innocent source of enjoyment, should itself be discarded as too rigid in its nature and too exacting in its requirements? Contrast the appliances virtue affords for reforming men with those vice provides for enslaving them, and wonder no longer that virtue has so little power.

We passed by a seaman's Bethel the other day, moored to a filthy pier, devoid of taste and beauty, dilapidated, uninviting; it did not surprise us that the attendance there, on Sundays was very meagre; in fact, it is a marvel that any one should be willing to enter such a gloomy prison-like place at all. And so of our chapels and association rooms the same things may be said. They are magnificent failures, just because they are indecisibly barren and unattractive. Reformers generally act on the assumption that our moral nature is all we possess, and they have addressed this nature as if it were fully trained and developed. You might as well expect to teach a savage how to read by giving him lessons in algebra; he would soon turn from you in disgust or despair. Men must come down from their stilts and put themselves in accord with the emotional nature of the world, if they would have the world improve, and just as they enter into the sympathies of those around them will they exert a salutary and lasting influence. Restore to virtue her insignia and her prerogatives, strip off the ornaments with which she has been bound, let her stand forth in her native radiance and exercise her proper sway, and the world shall do her homage and bow in submission at her feet.

Of course there are some who are so constituted or circumstanced, so to appreciate the force and applicability of bare abstract truth, but men generally are reached through the medium of their senses and emotions, and from losing sight of this fact, many noble and praiseworthy efforts for the general good have proved wonderfully barren of palpable results. And especially is this true of what right-thinking men regard as of vital importance, pertaining to the future equally with the present. We are invariably asked to accept as true what we cannot understand, what has no practical bearing upon our daily life, what blunts and stifles all the voluntary exercises of our nature; and because we are faithless and skeptical, and turn away from dry dogmas to living facts, we are denounced and consigned to perdition. There is need and opportunity for reform in all these things. Beginning in the family and extending to the school, the rostrum and the church, we would have truth so presented, and virtue so inculcated, that they might appeal to our receptive powers, and stand before us in all their native excellences.

We shall train our children best by working on their feelings rather than on their intellect; we shall reform society, not by denouncing its follies and faults, but by bringing into exercise those common emotions that, properly directed, will have no relish for follies and faults. When the great Teacher instructed the multitude, his doctrines were not abstract formulas, but living gems of thought and feeling, set in the beauties of the fields and flowers, and thus appealing to every one's experience and coming home to every one's heart. If our teachers and reformers would keep this

fact in view, and act upon it—if they would take men as they are, and treat them as mortals and not as machines; if they would appoint and follow more frequently attend to their honest but ill-advised efforts. And when one does break away from the beaten track, how he is suspected and abused; but the world moves, and we have hope that the days of this ignorance will soon come to an end, and an era of better things be vouchsafed to us.

#### SPAIN AS IT IS.

THE attempt of Spain, after a little trumped-up success in Africa, to lift itself into the rank of a first-rate nation by raids and conquests in America, has utterly failed. Utterly foiled in San Domingo, she has been beaten and humiliated in Chile and Peru. The last mail brings us news of both popular and military risings within her borders. She is bankrupt. For many years her securities have been running lower and lower. Nobody will buy them. Few care to inherit them. She is without voice in the affairs of Europe, and is now the only civilized nation of the world upholding slavery. She merits the opprobrium of mankind. She is not, however, utterly hopeless. In the first place, her legislation recognizes the liberty of religious opinions, but does not recognize the liberty of religious worship. The distinction is a pitiful one for these days, but still it represents the abolition of an enormous amount of tyranny and annoyance. Secondly, the territorial power of the priesthood, once so great, has ceased to exist; monasteries are a thing of the past, and in their place we find only a few scattered mission-houses, while the whole number of ecclesiastics has been diminished by many thousands. Thirdly, although it might be imagined that the sacrifice of so large a portion of its worldly advantages might have been repaid to the Spanish clergy by an increase of spiritual influence, this has certainly not been the case, and every traveler knows that neither they nor their offices are respected by large sections of the community. In Malaga and Cadiz, in Seville and Cordova, through all south-eastern Spain we behold the old religion sinking into contempt. The priests candidly confess that they have lost their hold over the middle class; or, to use their own peculiar diction, they say: "If it were not for the poor, there would be no worship of God in the land." Sometimes when a sermon of an exceptionally startling kind wakes up the slumbering consciences of the masses, the ancient fanaticism flares up again in a ghastly way; but it is a more momentary revival, and things soon return to their accustomed course.

Probably the form of Romanism which prevails in Spain is lower, and retains less of the real spirit of Christianity, than that which exists in any other Catholic country. Over the lower classes it still has very considerable hold, but rather as a superstition than as a religion. On the other hand, the creed of the bulk of the men among the educated classes is pure indifference, and probably in their hearts the majority of those who are opposed to religious toleration oppose it in order that they may not have the trouble of settling what attitude they are to take up toward the religion of the State. At present they are Catholics as a matter of course, just as they are Spaniards. If they could be anything else, they would be ashamed to profess belief in a system which they utterly despise. This state of things need surprise nobody; it is the natural result of the forcible suppression of free thought, and is seen in a less degree even in those countries—pagan and other—where public opinion, and not penal legislation, is the supporter of the existing creed. We cannot expect this miserable hypocrisy, injurious alike to morality, to literature and to statesmanship, soon to pass away; but a beginning is made. Any one who knows Spain could mention the names of Spaniards who are as enlightened in these great matters and as earnest as the best; and just as surely as the opinions of Luther and Melancthon would, through the Enzinas family and many others, have taken root in Spain and converted a large minority of the nation, if the persecutions of Philip II. and his successors had not made it absolutely impossible, so one or other of the forms of Christianity which, under various names and with differences more or less marked, but not of vital importance, are becoming the creed of most thinking men in the countries of Europe generally recognized as progressive, will almost certainly, before the end of this century, have great influence in rapidly reviving Spain.

#### SONG BIRDS OF JAMAICA.

IN such a region of vegetable luxuriance we might expect animal life to display its wonders and varieties of being, and here the numerous tribes of gay-plumaged and vocal birds, the brilliant and sometimes huge reptiles, and the innumerable moths and flies, and leaping and bounding things, add the charm of animated and sensuous existence to wild which, however beautiful, were otherwise but tame and unattractive. In the lonely dells of the forest, where the crystal brook brawls among the pebbles, the kiddies plover wheels in swift flight around the traveler's head; in the rushy shallows the snowy gull is seen watching for its aquatic prey, and from the underwood hard by, the soft cooing of the peadoves comes mournfully, yet soothingly, to the ear, while now and then the plump bird alights on the sward to pick the fallen fruit of the pimento-trees, or to look upon the observer with its full, liquid, gentle eyes. In the same spots may be heard the note of the pretty Jamaica sparrow, repeating—"tichero! chi-chi-tichero," from his grassy cover; and where the orange grove and pimento trees fringe the way to the negro village the wild canary hops and twitters—an imported stranger, who has lost in song what he has gained in color.

Numerous pigeons and partridges are common in these woods, and the green tody or robin redbreast of the colonists is particularly abundant, and though with brighter coloring than our own robin, with much the same fearless habit—sitting on the road-side bush, and almost brushing the face of the traveler as he passes.

Among the mountains of the Bluefields ridge there are few birds, but such as are found are of a peculiar interest. The jabbering crow gives utterance to strange articulations, as, from the topmost branch of the highest tree, he calls to his fellows, or calls on laboring wing from one tree to another. This is the region, too, of the solitary, a mysterious recluse, who just before day-break ravishes the ear of the wanderer with his flute-like tones, which fall like the measured notes of a psalm. One, and another, and another, take up the strain, till the mellow tones come from all parts of the surrounding woods, startling the ear when not accustomed to it and charming it when it is. The lovely humming-bird, too, is a frequenter of these regions, and flits and hovers about the flowering trees all day long, sipping with its long bill the honey from their blossoms, and peeping fearfully under the broad hat of the wanderer, almost startling him with their matchless beauty of metallic plumage, changing into innumerable shades of azure with the flitting motions of the bee-like bird. At night, the mocking-bird, the nightingale of the tropics. Under the blue sky and the silver moonlight—which in Jamaica surpasses in their beauty the brightest imagining of northern poets—the soft cadences of the breeze sweeping over the grassy sward, or rustling through the embowered woods is delightfully varied with the notes of this prince of songsters, who, taking his seat on the highest twig of an orange tree, pours forth rich and solemn gushes of melody, as earnestly as if his soul were in his song. A rival from a neighboring tree commences a similar strain, and now the two birds exert all their powers in rivalry, until the blue midnight rings with bursts, and swells, and tender cadences, as if the stars themselves were singing.

#### AN INCIDENT OFF CAPE HORN.

AT seven o'clock in the morning, it being our watch below, we were aroused from a sound sleep by the cry of "All hands ahoy! a man overboard!" This unwonted cry sent a thrill through the heart of every one, and hurrying on deck, we found the vessel hove flat aback, with all her studding-sails set—for the boy who was at the helm left it to throw something overboard, and the carpenter, who was an old sailor, knowing that the wind was light, put the helm down and hove her aback. The watch on deck were lowering away the quarter-boat, and I got on deck just in time to leave myself into her as she was leaving the side; but it was not until upon the wide Pacific, in our little boat, that I knew whom we had lost. It was George Ballmer, a young sailor who was prized by the officers as a lively and willing seaman, and by the crew as a lively, hearty fellow, and a good shipmate. He was going aloft to fit a strap round the main-topmast-head, for ringtail halyards, and had the strap and block, a coil of halyards and a marine-spike, about his neck. He fell from the starboard shrouds, and not knowing how to swim, and being very heavily dressed, with all those things round his neck, he probably sank immediately. We pulled astern, in the direction in which he fell, and though we knew there was no hope of saving him, yet no one wished to speak of returning, and we rowed about for nearly an hour, without the hope of doing anything, but unwilling to acknowledge to ourselves that we must give him up. At length we turned the boat's head, and made toward the vessel. Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. A man dies on shore; his body remains with his friends, and "the mourners go about the streets;" but when a man falls overboard at sea and is lost, there is suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realizing it, which give to it an air of awful mystery. A man dies on shore—you follow his body to the grave, and a stone marks the spot. You are often prepared for the event. There is always something which helps you to realize it when it happens, and to recall it when it has passed. A man is shot down by your side in battle, and the mangled body remains an object and a real evidence; but at sea, the man is near you—at your side—you hear his voice, and in an instant he is gone, and nothing but a vacancy shows his loss. Then, too, at sea—to use a homely but expressive phrase—you miss a man so much.

A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark, upon the wide, wide sea, and for months and months see no forms and hear no voices but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb. There are no new faces or new scenes to fill up the gap. There is always an empty berth in the fore-cabin, and one man wanting when the small night-watch is mustered. There is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with you upon the yard. You miss his form, and the sound of his voice, for habit has made them almost necessary to you, and each of your senses feels the loss. All these things make such a death peculiarly solemn, and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time.

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A MAN, seeing an undertaker carrying a very small coffin, exclaimed, in the utmost surprise, "Is it possible that that coffin can be intended for any living creature?"

THE easiest way to get a living (says a vagabond poet), is to sit on a gate and wait for good luck. In case good luck don't come along, you are no worse off than you were before.

A reporter, in describing a meeting of a total abstinence society, said that "they had a most harmonious and profitable session, and retired from the hall full of the best of spirits."

THE following words, if spelt backward and forward, are the same, "name no one man."

THE ladies of Cincinnati and the vicinage are very confiding. One of them, named "Diana," writes to the Commercial, urging the rebuilding of the Opera House, where "mothers, wives and sisters can at least fancy their absent ones are spending their evenings."

#### AN INCIDENT IN A RAILWAY CAR.

Monster—"I'm afraid I'm sitting on your crinoline, ma'am."

Affable Young Lady—"Oh, never mind sir, it's of no consequence; you can't hurt it."

Monster—"No, ma'am, it's not that; but the confounded thing hurts me!"

"FILE right!" said an officer to his company. "Bedad," said an Irishman, who stood near sharpening his saw, "it's me own property, and I'll be after doin' as I please wid it."

WHEN lovely women, Lump of Folly, Would show the world her vainest trait; Would treat herself as child her dolly, And warn each man of sense away, The surest method she'll discover To prompt a wink from every eye, Degraded spouse, disgust a lover, And spoil a scalp-skin is to dye.

WE are told to hope and trust; but what is a poor fellow to do when he can no longer get any credit?

WHY AN APOTHECARY SELLS COD-LIVER OIL.—To replenish his coughers (coffers).

MISERY loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.

WHAT prevents the running river running away? Why, it's tide up.

You can tell how wide a man's reputation is, but you can't tell how long.

FOOT NOTES.—Dance Music.

OUR BED-ROOMS.—SINGULAR STATEMENTS IN RELATION TO CHOLERA.—Dr. T. S. Bell, an old and eminent physician of Louisville, a man of vast acquirements and wide observation and experience, said the other day at a meeting of the Louisville College of Physicians and Surgeons: "The cause of cholera has never risen to any great height perpendicularly, except when it was forced up. Naturally it cannot seriously affect the second story of any good residence. Heights have always been, when properly guarded, secure refuge from cholera. Elevated buildings or high walls have been perfectly exempt, while contemned places were ravaged. Moscow has been repeatedly invaded in the quarters along the low banks of the Moskwa, but there has never been a case of the disease in the elevated Kremlin. The monasteries with high walls in Italy, France and Spain have, with great uniformity, escaped the disease. The cause of cholera acts alone at night, and upon sleeping persons. No amount of exposure in the worst localities of the disease imperils the wakeful moving individual. I have seen hundreds of instances of this fact, without one aberration from the statement of the proposition. I have myself spent many a night in these localities during the ravages of the epidemic, and never felt that I was in any peril while I kept awake, and the best security for that is to keep in motion." So this distinguished practitioner intimates that attention to our sleeping apartments is quite as important as the other precautionary steps which are more frequently urged in the newspapers. Look where you sleep, for it seems that the epidemic is most dangerous when it steals on one "like a thief in the night."

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